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Selections.

COMPENSATED EMANCIPATION.

A SPEECH BY GERRIT SMITH,

In the National Compensation Convention, held in Cleveland, Ohio, August 25, 26 and 27, 1857.

MR. PRESIDENT: Many are urging me to reply to the speeches made this afternoon by my friends Watkins and Pryne. Not all who make up the very large assembly this evening were present to hear those able and eloquent speeches, which, I confess, brought me to a solemn revision of my position. Sure am I that none who did hear them envy me the task of replying to them. Why am I selected for this difficult service? Perhaps it is because, they and I having worked together thus far, there is curiosity to see how we will behave toward each other, now that we have arrived at a point of divergence from each other. There is one consolation in my circumstances—the strength of the opposition has been brought out; and if I can cope with what is before me, I shall have no reason to quail before the apprehension of what is to follow.

We are met, sir, to initiate—I might perhaps rather say to inaugurate—a great movement, one that is full of promise to the slave and the slaveholder, and our whole country. It is not so much to awaken interest in their behalf that we have come together as it is to give expression to such interest—a practical and effective expression.

We are here for the purpose of making a public and formal, and, as we hope, an expressive, confession that the North ought to share with the South in the temporary losses that will result from the abolition of slavery. Indeed, such are our relations to the South in the matter of slavery that, on the score of simple honesty, we are bound to share in these losses.

Whether, in the eye of the Constitution, slavery is national or sectional, or whether there is, as I hold there is, no authority for either, so it is that our slavery is actually national. The whole nation has contributed to nationalize it—the whole nation has made itself responsible for it. The sin of extending the area of slavery, and of encouraging the slaveholders to multiply their investments in human flesh, lies at the door of the North as well as at the door of the South. Northern commerce has connived at, and openly upheld, slavery. So have Northern politics. And we have seen Churches, religious associations, institutions of learning, at the North as well as at the South, apologizing for slavery, and bowing quite down to the ground in presence of the demon and in deference to his claim. Texas could not have been annexed, nor the Missouri Compromise repealed—no, nor established—without the help of the North. Without the help of her schools and churches there never could have been a pro-slavery public sentiment at the North. Nor could such a sentiment, nor could slavery itself, have continued to exist at the South without such help. It is not too much to say that, at the North, as truly as at the South, ecclesiastical as well as commercial and political gains have been sought for by sparing and flattering slavery.

Now, all this being true, it is very plain that the North as well as the South is bound to contribute to relieve the slaveholders in the straits to which they would be reduced by the abolition of slavery.

But, Mr. Pryne says the North should pay nothing, for the reason that, in proportion to her connection with and responsibility for slavery, she has lost as much by slavery as the South has. What if she has? Nevertheless, the fact remains that the North is rich, and the South comparatively poor. Now, the reason why we call on the North to help in this case is not alone because of her complicity, but also because she is able to help.

Mr. Watkins says that the slave, and not the slaveholder, is entitled to compensation, and he adds, "I put my feet on Mr. Smith's proposition." My proposition was that the nation shall pay to the emancipated slave $25 and to the master $150, and that the emancipating State shall, by assessments on the lands within its limits (the value on such lands being greatly increased by the abolition of slavery), add $75 to the $150. I need not say that I have no sympathy with the plan of appropriating the public lands to this object. I am a land-reformer, and I hold that to the landless belongs the vacant land. Slavery is a great evil; but land monopoly, because it has manifold more victims, is a far greater evil. Moreover, there could have been no slavery but for land monopoly; and to abolish the latter is the only sure way to abolish and prevent the return of the former. I can, therefore, favour no plan which countenances land monopoly, and recognises Congress as a great landholder. But to return to Mr. Watkins. Is it nothing that, in addition to the $25, I propose to give to the slave the slave's own self? Moreover, does not he see that to propose to give most of the money to the slave, instead of the slaveholder, would be to defeat all hope of getting him free? Very gladly would I have all the money given to the poor plundered slave, if the slaveholder would still be willing to give him his liberty.

But it is said that we ought not to offer in advance to the slaveholder any measure of indemnity, because doing so is bribing him to do right. Now I readily admit that I would prefer to have the slaveholder prompted to do right only by the purest and highest motives. I would have him emancipate his slaves immediately and unconditionally because it is the slaves' right to be thus emancipated, and because the slaveholder sins fearfully in resisting this right. Nevertheless, so guilty and horrible is the relation of slaveholder and slave, and so full of misery to both—aye, and so full of damage and peril to the whole nation—that I would be willing to make the most direct appeals to the selfishness of the slaveholder in aid of hurrying him to dissolve this relation. Besides, I am not willing to admit that his moral sense would be weakened and his repentance rendered less probable by such appeals.

My neighbour is a drunkard, and therefore the torment of himself, his family and his friends. I invoke his reformation in the name of all the tenderest, and highest, and holiest motives. If, then, I add to these motives such as are inferior, do I necessarily sin? Oh, no! I do not sin in telling him that, in the event of his forsaking the intoxicating cup, I will bless him and his hungry family with the gift of a cow. My offer of the cow is useful in many respects. It serves to commend to him the sincerity which prompted me to array before him the better and nobler motives; and in doing this, I would, as a simple and short argument would suffice to show, commend the motives themselves. For to believe our teacher sincere is a wide step toward believing that he reasons correctly. The connection between sincere purposes and sound arguments is altogether natural. Again, my offer of the cow serves to persuade him of my deep sense of his sin, and thus to suggest that he, too, should cherish a deep sense of it. In a word, the offer is far more like to do him good than harm. So, too, the slaveholder is far more like to be benefited than injured if, when I have set before him the high and commanding reasons why he should let the oppressed go free, now and unconditionally, I prove my sincerity and my sense of the wickedness of his relation, by telling him that I will act a brother's part, and share with him in the loss of his terminating that guilty relation.

Connected with this objection that we are bribing the slaveholder is the objection that our offer of money to him will be construed into our recognition of his rights of property in man. For one I deny all rights of property in intoxicating liquors, when they are offered for sale as a beverage. (Here let me say that my zeal for temperance carries me as far as my zeal for freedom; and let me add that I believe the cause of temperance will continue to drag until its friends take the ground of *no property in alcoholic liquors when they are put to the Satanic work of making paupers and madmen.*) I was saying that I denied all rights of property in such case. But surely I do not involve myself in inconsistency if I tell the rumseller that provided he will throw away his rum, I will help support his family. Surely, in telling him so, I do not stamp upon his rum-filled casks the sacredness of property. No more do I make slavery rightful when I tell the slaveholder that if he will throw it away, I will help him get an honest living. But, however this offer of money to the slaveholder may be in appearance, or effect, certain it is that we do not intend to recognise therein the rightfulness of slaveholding. We make the offer because we believe fraternity and honesty require us to make it—fraternity and honesty both to slaveholder and slave. We deny all right of property in man. We believe that the image of God no more than God Himself is to be counted merchandise. We believe that immortality is never to be confounded with a commodity.

Whence comes it that we are charged with admitting property in man? It comes from a confusion of ideas in those who charge it. Our acknowledgment that the slaveholder would, in liberating his slaves, be entitled to our money is reckoned by them to be all one with our acknowledgment of his right to hold his slaves. I admit his right to our money—yes, his *moral right*. For if, in the circumstances of the case, we are under moral obligation to give the money (and it is indispensable to the success of our undertaking to feel that we are), then does it follow that he has *a moral right* to it, notwithstanding the opposition which my use of these words yesterday encountered. But, in admitting the emancipating, and, because emancipating, impoverished, slaveholder's right to our help, we no more sanction slaveholding than we sanction drunkenness by helping him who had been a drunkard, or sanction rumselling by helping him who had been a rumseller. We would help these, and why not him? Let us hasten to cast away the foolish and wicked prejudice which stands in the way of our helping the slaveholder also.

Both Mr. Pryne and Mr. Watkins say, "If the slaveholder has the right to sell, he has the right to buy." That is a true proposition. But we do not acknowledge his right to sell. We do not mean to buy from him. Even, however, if we did buy from him, we should not therein acknowledge his right to sell. If I buy my friend out from under the uplifted dagger of the murderer, I do not therein acknowledge the murderer's right to strike the blow. I said that we do not mean to buy the slaves. All that we mean (at least so far as I am concerned) is that, when they shall have been emancipated, we shall share in the loss of the emancipators, and help them in their reduced circumstances. Did we mean to buy the slaves and sanction the selling of them, we should propose that the slaveholder should receive the whole, instead of one-half, of their market value. Liberally as we are willing to share in the loss of the slaveholder, we nevertheless mean that the greater part of it shall fall upon himself. This is but right. As he will be, in a moral point of view, the principal gainer from emancipation, so he can well afford to be the principal pecuniary loser from it. Let me here say I am not one of those who would, by an extravagant offer of money, tempt the slaveholder to emancipate. Our offer must be reasonable—such an offer as wise and practical men would make—such as the North would approve and sustain. We must not, in our eagerness to commend our plan to the South, forget that there is a North, and that the plan will come to nothing unless its chief features are such as shall gain the cordial assent of the North.

Another objection to our movement is that the slaveholders will be richer after than they were before emancipation. The emancipating States, I admit, will be. But the slaveholders, in their new and strange circumstances, will, at least for a season, be comparatively helpless, unless they are aided by the State or nation, or both.

It is also objected that such a sum as the slaveholders would accept would be much larger than the North would consent to share in paying. But the North could well afford to pay a very large sum for the sake of delivering the slave from the most miserable and the slaveholder from the most guilty of all relations—especially since it is for the life of the nation that slavery be ended speedily and peacefully.

On the other hand is the objection that any sum the North might offer would be so small in the esteem of the South as to call out her indignant rejection, and breed a still worse temper than now exists between them. But her actual rejection of it, however indignant, would not prove it to be too small; and as her anticipated rejection of it could not cancel our obligation to make the offer, so it should not be allowed to deter us from making it.

It is said, too, that the South will regard as meddlesome and offensive any action we may take on this subject, and even our entertainment of the subject. A part of the South, doubtless, will. But even if the whole South should, that will not prove us to be wrong. At any rate, we must respect and respond to the claims of honesty and fraternity in our own consciences, however false the judgment that may therefore be put upon us. We must be faithful to our national relations, and show ourselves ready to assist our countrymen, however in turn we may be misunderstood or maligned. I do not deny my fears that the South will repel us, and reject every scheme and every idea of emancipation. Mighty are the habits of self-indulgence and despotism engendered by slavery. When has it been found possible to break those habits? When have any people been known to surrender them? Few are less hopeful than myself of the peaceful abolition of American slavery.

Another objection to our movement is that it will tend to supersede the means which are now employed to accomplish the overthrow of slavery—prayer, preaching, lecturing, voting, &c. Oh no! it will not have this tendency. On the contrary, it will concur with these means, and, as we hope, give effect to them. None the less will these means be wielded, after we shall have added to them this new one. On the contrary, they will then be wielded all the more earnestly and perseveringly, because all the more hopefully.

Mr. Watkins referred to my own labours in the cause of Freedom, and in terms quite too complimentary for me to repeat. He predicts that they will be counteracted by this new movement. But happy, heaven-blessed and greatly successful will I regard these poor labours if they shall be found to be at all instrumental in preparing the public mind for this movement, and in reconciling the people of the North to the idea of sharing with their Southern brethren in the temporary losses incident to the abolition of slavery. Mr. Pryne, too, believes that this new measure will stand in the way of the other measures for overthrowing slavery.

Mr. Watkins thinks that the undertaking will minister to the self-complacency and triumphant air of the slaveholders, and that they will say to us, "Gentlemen, you have given up your principles, for you now wish to buy our slaves." But what they would call buying, and which is not buying, would be, not the abandonment, but the natural progress and legitimate effect of our principles. When the anti-slavery man has travelled quite across the low grounds of profession, and has ascended to that higher plain where not only words are spoken, but deeds are done, and heavy and self denying pecuniary sacrifices in the cause of the slave are welcomed, then has he proved, not his denial of his principles, but his attachment to them—not their worthlessness and impotence, but their great preciousness and their power to carry him forward in the work of humanity and Heaven.

Mr. Pryne holds that our scheme violates the Constitution. I readily admit that it does violence to his and my views of both the Constitution and Civil Government—though it does none to the popular views of either. Oftentimes, and with the consent of the nation, has our Government used its means in a way that justifies, so far at least as the question of constitutionality is concerned, the present proposed use of them. I confess that it was not intended to provide in the Constitution for the raising of money for the abolition of slavery—for on all hands was it understood that slavery would come to its natural death in a few years. When Mr. Pryne said that I had been his political Gamaliel, and that at my feet he had learned to restrict the whole province of government to the protection of persons and property, he both honoured me and did justice to my creed. I do not deny that Government, in the use we are now preparing to put it to, would be found quite outside of the range of its legitimate functions. I take pleasure in admitting that Mr. Pryne did skilfully, and as fairly as skilfully, argue my inconsistency. He made my own political creed, with which he is so entirely familiar, his principal and most effective means in proving that I am now plunging into error. Nevertheless, I justify myself in sanctioning the contemplated agency of Government. I justify myself, however, on the ground of the necessity of the case. Our nation is brought to the brink of ruin; and if it can be saved in no way authorized by the Constitution and by the nature and office of civil government, yet would I have it saved.

John Quincy Adams held that, to save the nation, Congress might abolish slavery.

Thomas Jefferson, and many of the statesmen of his day, denied that there was constitutional authority for extending the limits of the nation. Nevertheless, so necessary did they deem the annexation of Louisiana that they acquiesced in it. It is largely owing to this annexation that American slavery has attained its gigantic growth. Indeed, the evil could hardly have lived to the present day had it been confined within its ancient boundaries. Now, if an unconstitutional measure, fraught, as was the annexation of Louisiana, with so much misery and ruin, can be justified on the ground of national necessity, then surely on that ground can a measure, even if it is unconstitutional, be justified which will dry up that flood of misery and save the nation.

There is another thing to be mentioned here. If our present movement does look to Government for unconstitutional action—and for the sake of the argument we admit that it does—still, since such action will not take place until the people, North and South, East and West, shall call for it, its unconstitutionality will be comparatively unobjectionable. When all the people agree to make Government their common agent in a work of salvation, the inquiry whether the work is constitutional has lost most of its importance.

Before leaving this topic of constitutionality, let me express the hope that nothing I have said will be construed into my admission of the lack of constitutional power to abolish slavery. That is not civil government—but, on the contrary, a detestable counterfeit—which has not the power, and the will also, to save its subjects from being chattels.

Mr. Pryne likened the slaveholders to counterfeiters and thieves. He asked whether we ought to help a gang of counterfeiters, who had become poor by being compelled to give up their counterfeiting? I answer that we ought most emphatically, if we are their fellow-counterfeiters, and have encouraged them in the iniquity, and are able to help them. He asked whether we should share in the losses of a company of horse-thieves? Most certainly, if we are their fellow-thieves, and have it in our power to relieve their poverty. "Honour among thieves" is a motto that the people of the North should feel the fair application and full force of, when called on to help their fellows of the South.

There is still another objection that I must notice. It is that if compensation shall ever be in order, it will not be until the slaveholders shall have truly repented. "When the sky falls, we shall catch larks." But will it ever be so condescending? Will the slaveholders ever take it upon themselves to repent? It is hardly probable that the mass of them will.

According to this objection, if I see a fiend preparing to murder a whole family for the sake of money, and I know I can buy him off, I must not do so. The most I shall be allowed to do is to give him money when he shall have shown himself to be the subject of Christian repentance. But ere that time has come, he will have murdered the whole family. So, too, if we wait for the slaveholders to repent, many more generations of our ill-starred brethren may have to pass through the torments of slavery.

I confess that the objector in this case is intent on the deliverance of the slave, but he would have it accomplished only through the salvation of the soul of the slaveholder. Of every other way he is exceedingly jealous. Now, I do not deny that I am so unorthodox as to make more account of the freedom of the slave than of the salvation of the slaveholder. If the slave is emancipated, my great desire will be realized, and that, too, whether, in the process of his emancipation, the slaveholders have or have not become penitents.

But I must close. Long have I looked forward to this day. Many, many years have I longed for the inauguration of this movement. Although nearly alone among my Abolition brethren in believing that the North ought to share with the South in the losses resulting from the abolition of slavery, still I never could refrain from believing it. They are just men. Honestly do they differ from me, and hence I have no reproach for them. May they in turn be as patient with me as they can be. Especially should they be thus patient, seeing that it would be impossible for me to be consistent and honest and not take the ground I have taken. For I would have my friend—for I would have myself—bought out from under the yoke of slavery—and it therefore follows that I should be inconsistent and dishonest were I not willing to have all other slaves bought out from under it. The Abolitionists are consistent and honest in opposing us: for they would not compromise their principles by allowing a price to be paid for the ransom of their friends, or even of themselves. They would rather live and die in the chains of slavery than have them broken by the power of money. That they would do so I am of course compelled to assume. For if they would not, then, in the name of all consistency and honesty, what right have they to be denouncing and vilifying us for our willingness to use money in delivering the millions of slaves? Yes, I am compelled to assume that the Abolitionists have attained to such a sublime disinterestedness in carrying out their principles as to prefer remaining in slavery forever to having a penny paid for their deliverance. For if I do not assume this, I cannot vindicate their sincerity.

The work on which we are now entering will be mighty and effectual if we shall make it a work of love. Love is the remedy for human wrongs—as well the wrongs which lie within as those which lie without the province of statesmanship. The grand reason why statesmanship is and always has been a failure is just because love is not and never has been allowed to be its prompter and ever-burning soul. Unhappily, it is thought that having a heart disqualifies a man for being a statesman. But he, and he only, can be a true statesman whose understanding is controlled by a loving and Christian heart. Love is looked upon as a weakness and as incompatible with wisdom. But love alone is strong; and where there is no love, there is no wisdom.

Political men who take up the subject of slavery—this Convention which is taking it up politically—must take it up in love, or more harm than good to the cause of Freedom will come of it. The Abolitionists, too, must infuse more love into their efforts. Vigorous and clear as are their apprehensions of slavery—just and impressive as are their descriptions of it—that is not enough. They must have more heart; and they must have it not for the slave only, but for the slaveholder also. The chief reason why the Southern conscience yields so slowly under the labour of the Abolitionists is that it does not feel it to be a labour of love. I would that all the Abolitionists lay hold of this measure, which we are now laying hold of. I do not say that they would in this wise give all needed proof; but I do say they would give one strong proof that the truth, which they speak to slaveholders, is spoken in love.

The Republican party is hated by the South, because it is regarded there as selfish and sordid. Let it, however, identify itself with the great measure of this Convention, and it would give therein such an evidence of its benevolent and fraternal interest in the South as it has not hitherto given. Cordially do we invite its coöperation. Cordially, too, do we invite the coöperation of the Democratic and Native American parties, and of the Churches, and of the Anti-Slavery Societies. In a word, we call upon the whole country to come forward under the promptings of love—of love to the slaveholder and the slave, to the Slave States and the Free, to earth and to heaven, and to put away slavery entirely and forever. That is a work worthy of the help of all. Who is there that can refuse to bear a part in it?

THE JERRY RESCUE CELEBRATION.

ADDRESS REPORTED BY GERRIT SMITH

To the Jerry Rescue Convention, held in Syracuse, Oct. 1, 1857.

THE rescue of Jerry! What a preacher of righteousness! To tell what is right is good preaching. But to do what is right is better. The best of pulpits preaches but in words. The rescue of Jerry preached in deeds. The abolition school teaches the lesson that the slave should be delivered. The rescuers of Jerry put the lesson in practice.

And then what a touchstone of character is the rescue of Jerry! Not a man can disapprove that rescue and yet be a Christian. For not a man can disapprove it and yet be honest. But honesty, in its comprehensive sense—in the sense of doing unto others as we would have others do unto us—is the soul and substance and total sum of Christianity. Since there lives not the man who, if in the circumstances that poor Jerry was in, would not like to be delivered from them, then lives there not the man who can be a Christian and yet be opposed to his deliverance. We do not deny that there are Christians who disapprove what has been imposed upon their credulity as the rescue of Jerry—who disapprove their own false conceptions of it. But the reality—the thing itself—no man can disapprove and yet be a Christian. If we admit that a man can be a Christian who defends what he mistakenly deems to be slavery, it nevertheless does not follow that we admit him to be a Christian who justifies the reality of slavery, and indorses the very thing which is the highest crime against God and man.

A great touchstone of character did we call the rescue of Jerry. Wherever there is a Church which refuses to sanction that transaction, there we may be sure is not a Church of Jesus Christ. Dishonesty, and not honesty, is its chief characteristic. An honest man in such a Church is entirely out of place, and he should hasten to betake himself to better company.

The question often arises whether the Methodist Church at the North, the New School Presbyterian Church, the Free-will and Seventh Day and Close and Open Baptist Churches at the North, the Unitarians and Universalists and Lutherans and Congregationalists at the North are right in regard to slavery. Not a moment need be wasted in finding an answer to it. Are they right in regard to the rescue of Jerry? The answer to this question involves the answer to the other. If they are not willing to identify themselves openly with the rescue, that is enough. If they are not, nothing else nor all else can be enough.

The Episcopal and Old School Presbyterian Churches, like the American Tract Society, are past all need of being tested. Their great pride is to have no heart for the slave, and to keep their sensibilities so high up in the region of everlasting snows as to be quite out of reach of all these vulgar agitations in behalf of humanity.

The Roman Catholic Church seems not yet so much as to have heard of the four millions of tortured American slaves. Now, however, since it has settled the great question about a dead woman, it may perhaps find time and heart to open its ear to the cries of living women and of living men also.

All American clergymen should be tested with the question whether their piety has risen up to the "Jerry level." None are ambassadors of Jesus Christ whose piety falls below it.

Compared with the rescue of Jerry, all the boasted tests of doctrine are of no value.

"I believe," says one, "in the Bible." But do you believe in humanity? Vain is all your faith in the Bible so long as the poor Jerries of earth fail to touch your heart. To tell us that you believe in the Bible, whilst yet you can look unmoved upon the slave, is but to tell us either that the Bible is wicked or that your interpretation of it is false.

"I believe," says our orthodox brother, "in original sin." Yes, good brother, but do you believe that the kidnapping of Jerry was sin, and that his rescue was righteousness? If you do not, then, however far you may go back to get to the origin of sin, and even though you believe in the very *tectotalism* of total depravity, your faith is but a guilty delusion.

"I believe," continues our orthodox brother, "in Jesus Christ." Yes, good brother, but if you do not see Him in every poor Jerry, and feel a faith that impels you to help rescue him, then is your belief in Jesus Christ but superstition or hypocrisy. The Christ who was crucified more than eighteen centuries ago is reproduced in every despised Jerry—in every oppressed and crushed brother. The common impression that it suffices to let our hearts flow out to the "man of sorrows" in Judea is but a common delusion. The Jerry of to-day is the Christ of to-day: and if we have not the anointed vision to discern it, then are we still blind to the original Christ, and all our faith in Him is vain. Not to recognise the Saviour of the world when we meet Him in His suffering ones and in His "least" ones is to prove that we never knew Him, and never felt the significance of His life or death. Lordly, alas how very rarely! is He known either within or without the Churches. Never did they know Him who can pass His poor by.

"I believe," adds our orthodox brother, in "vicarious sacrifice." It is right that you do. But you do not if you cannot consent to give up ease, and reputation, and wealth, and social and political advantages, and to risk even liberty and life for the sake of helping a Jerry out of the hands of his kidnappers. Belief in the vicarious sacrifice of Jesus Christ is on the lips of millions. But it is in the hearts of none who are not willing to suffer for others—yes, and in the place of others. The readiness of men on the night of the first October, 1851, to put themselves in the place of Jerry, and lose their own liberty for the sake of restoring his, was of its single self a far greater evidence of likeness to Christ than it was possible for any man to give, however full of professions and prayers he might be, if nevertheless he refused to sympathize with Jerry, and to suffer for his sake.

Is there a political party that is unwilling to put the seal of its approbation upon the rescue of Jerry—then has an honest man nothing to do with such a party but to oppose it. Until American slavery is abolished, a Resolution indorsing the rescue of Jerry should be brought into every political meeting in the land, Republican, Democratic, Native American, or of whatever name.

It is said that when the measure of emancipation was under discussion in England, the Quaker voters would try the candidates for Parliament by thrusting the image of a kneeling slave into their faces, and asking them, "Canst thou go that?" American voters should pursue a similar course, and should ask all candidates, from pathmaster to President, whether they can go the rescue of Jerry.

The Republican party claims to be an anti-slavery party. But if it is unwilling to be known as a Jerry-rescue party, we are to be unwilling to belong to it.

The Native American party claims, in some sections of the country, to be anti-slavery. But so long as "Rescue of Jerry" is not among the mottoes which cover its banners, so long must we oppose it.

Into the relations of the Democratic party to the bleeding slave we are saved all necessity of inquiry. It laughs at him as well as at "bleeding Kansas" and "bleeding Sumner." It studies not to conceal, but boasts of its contempt of justice and mercy, and of the claims of God and man. It "declares its sin as Sodom, and hides it not." Whatever its other ambitions, it is perhaps not too much to say that the one great ambition of the Democratic party is to beat the devil himself.

So, too, but for an entirely opposite reason, we are saved from inquiring into the relations of the Garrison party and Radical Abolition party to the poor Jerries. The righteousness of these parties is as palpable as the unrighteousness of the Democratic party. William Lloyd Garrison and William Goodell have never faltered in their fidelity to the slave. They have never consented to weigh judicial, legislative or even constitutional authority against his right to liberty. And they who sympathize and act with the se noble leaders in the cause of American Liberty, know no law for slavery, but all law for its abolition; no law for kidnapping Jerry, but all law for rescuing him.

A new party is springing up. It advocates a dissolution of the Union. What is its heart toward the slave? A party may be for the Union or it may be against the Union, and yet be all wrong in regard to the slave. Is it for the rescue of all the Jerries, and for the punishment of all their kidnappers? That is the question.

And another new party is springing up. There has recently been a National Convention at Cleveland, composed, for the most part, of respectable conservative gentlemen. They call on their countrymen to help improve the pecuniary circumstances of the slaveholder in the event of his emancipating his slaves. That, however, does not prove them right. They may bestow all their goods to feed the slaveholders. But what will they do for the slaves? for the poor Jerries? We address these respectable conservative gentlemen, and indeed all other men, in the very lines, save the change of a single word, written by good old John Newton:

> "What think you of *Jerry's* the test
> To try both your state and your scheme?
> You cannot be right in the rest
> Unless you think right, of him."

We need to be incessantly upon our guard. The Republican party, when we read some of its papers, and listen to some of its speeches, seems to be the real friend of Freedom. Nevertheless it may prove to be her most effective and deadly enemy. There is no fear that the Democratic party will corrupt any of the lovers of Freedom. In their eyes its abominations and devilisms have no attractions. Upon their spirit its example can never pour contagious influences. But the Republican party has succeeded in absorbing the anti-slavery sentiment of the country, and in alluring to its ranks nearly all the Abolitionists. How immense, then, its damage to the cause of Freedom and human rights should it be found to wield its accumulated power not against slavery, but for it; not for the black man, but against him!

If the Republican party enjoys the confidence of the Abolitionists, it is nevertheless not too much to say that it has not yet earned it. The recent constitutional proscription of the black man in Iowa was owing to Republican as well as to Democratic votes. Minnesota, in her Republican as well as in her Democratic Constitutional Convention, proscribed the black man. The Republican party of Wisconsin has also sadly disappointed us. In its late nominating Convention it did not dare to pledge the protection of the State to all the innocent men, black or white, who shall stand upon her soil. And the Republican party of our own State, in its Convention held last week in this city, failed also at this very point. It is true that the Convention, thanks to such bold men as Briggs, and Snow, and Nye! refused to say (though such poor cowards as Field and Grover wished it said) that our fathers agreed to cast back into the hell of slavery their poor guiltless brother, who might escape from it. But though the Convention refused to say this wrong thing, it did not add to its negative merit the positive merit of saying the right thing. It did not go on to say that, come what will, the State of New York will shelter from his pursuers every slave who is so fortunate as to get within its limits.

By the way, how disgraceful and ruinous to a party to have such men as Field and Grover among its leaders! It should drum them out of camp. Ever and anon they get upon their feet and assert, as gravely as if the bald lie were an undoubted truth, that the Constitution provides for the recapture of fugitive slaves. What, however, if it does? Are we to admit that the Constitution has power to compel us to inflict the deepest wrong upon our brother and to damn our own souls? Reloading a man with the chains of slavery is worse than murder; and if he who has a part in the diabolical work does not bring damnation upon himself, then there is no damnation.

We add that the morals of the people of the State of New York escaped immeasurable damage by the failure of Field and Grover and their fellows to induce the Convention to declare the returning of the fugitive slave to be a constitutional duty. Such declaration would have done more to debauch the public conscience, and render powerless the principles of humanity and the spirit of Christ, than was ever done by any declaration of any party or any Church that has existed in our State.

There is one thing in praise of this Republican Convention which we cannot refrain from adverting to. With our lamentations over its short comings we mingle our great joy at its selection of a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals. Timothy Jenkins is one of those few lawyers who always look to the right of the case for the law of the case. Hence, as he finds nothing right in slavery, he finds no law for slavery. If the people of the State of New York should, as we have no doubt they will, elect Mr. Jenkins, they will then have at least one Judge who who will never confound any piracy, and, least of all, the preeminent piracy of slavery, with sacred, obligatory law.

The friends of temperance may wish to learn of us, the neighbours of Mr. Jenkins, what kind of temperance law he would regard as constitutional and what kind as unconstitutional. On this point we can give no precise information. Assured, however, they may be that his judgment will not be swayed by his appetite—as it is nearly a quarter of a century since he has drank intoxicating liquors.

Fellow-rescuers of Jerry, and fellow-indorsers of his rescue! freely have we been examining and sifting others; as freely let us now examine and sift ourselves. Let us apply to ourselves the very test which we have applied to others. Do we ourselves believe in his rescue? Do we apprehend all its import? Do we subscribe to all the principles wrapped up in it, and go along with them practically to their utmost scope? Do we ignore as Churches and Ministers of Christ all Churches and Ministers that refuse to approve it? Do we withhold our votes from all who refuse to approve it? In a word, are such our relations to God and man—is such our love of Him, who is the great Common Father of Jerry and ourselves—is such our prompt recognition of all the claims of the human brotherhood as to bring us into the fullest harmony with the rescue of Jerry? If not, then is our own faith in his rescue deficient; and then do we need to yield up ourselves anew to the high teachings and blessed influences of that great event.

Most emphatically would we ask whether we all recognise the obligation to rescue every Jerry, or, to use another word, every slave. It devolved on the people who were assembled in this city to rescue Jerry. As truly does it devolve on the whole people of the North to rescue all the slaves of the South. But Jerry was rescued by violence! and would we have all the slaves rescued by violence? No—we would not: and we add that it would be wicked to do so. Wicked, however, would it be, only because unnecessary—only because there is a better way to rescue them. Could we, on the night of the first of October, 1851, have voted Jerry out of the hands of his kidnappers, then would we have had no excuse for taking him out by force. It is in our power to vote the slaves of the South free—and hence it would be a crime for us to free them by force. We have but to vote the Federal Government into the hands of the Abolitionists, and every chain would fall peacefully from every slave. Very rampant are the slaveholders now, because now the political reins are in their own hands. But very submissive will they be when the political reins shall have passed into the hands of the Abolitionists.

It is the Abolitionists who, we said, must acquire the control of the Federal Government. We did not say this of the Republicans: for whatever may be their merit in opposing the extension of slavery, we are not such simpletons as to look for its abolition by a party which refuses to oppose slavery where it is, and opposes it only where it is not. A mighty and prevailing party will the Abolitionists be when they shall have done forever with the folly of putting their cause into the hands of its enemies; and shall trust, under God, none but themselves.

Our words for this sixth anniversary of the rescue of Jerry are now ended. Why is it that so little has been accomplished during these six years for the overthrow of slavery? It is because so few have dared to identify themselves with that rescue, and to espouse the great principle which underlies it—the principle that there is no law, and can be no law, for slavery. The men who rescued Jerry did not pause to inquire into the terms and terrors of the Fugitive Slave Act. Enough was it for them to know that not statutes, nor decrees, nor even constitutions, pile them up ever so high, can create a law for slavery. They went straight forward to their work of mercy, because their consciences were entirely unembarrassed by the nonsense—the very guilty nonsense—that he whom God has made a man, man can turn into a chattel; that he whom God made his own property is himself property; that he whom God made "a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honour," is to be classed with horses and hogs.

Whether political parties, which do but go against the extension of slavery—whether Disunion Conventions, or Compensation Conventions—whether all these, or any of these, can or cannot contribute somewhat to the downfall of slavery, sure is it that its bloodless, peaceful end will never be reached until the friends of freedom shall have mounted "the Jerry level," and branded the whole system of American slavery as a piracy and outlaw. When they shall have done this, then will that infernal system come down; and then, we add, will the monument to the memory of the rescuers of Jerry go up. For the present these brave men are laughed at and defamed. The conception of their noble deeds and the broad and blessed results that are to follow it cannot be grasped by vulgar minds and little souls. But then, when juster views shall have obtained, no marble will be found too white and no shaft too tall to render to the immortal rescuers of Jerry that great honour which a regenerated public sentiment will call for.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN AID ASSOCIATION.

THE extermination of the Aborigines of our States and Territories, who, notwithstanding their savageism, possess many traits ennobling to man, has always been a subject of regret to the philosopher and the philanthropist. But the cruel wars and mutual massacres which have generally accompanied the career of the dominant race have given strength and currency to the idea that extermination is a matter of fixed destiny, against which there is no remedy, and no hope. Under this discouraging view, the Indians have been subject to the operation of influences which, if left unchecked, will, before another generation has passed away, leave scarcely a vestige of this noble branch of the human family on the face of the earth.

Happily, a brighter day has dawned upon the world. It is not alone in steamers and telegraphs that discoveries are shown, but in a truer insight into human nature and its needs; and men and women are rising all around who give expression to the deep yearnings of the age for higher philanthropy and broader benevolence: they call upon the powerful of the earth henceforth to love and elevate, and no longer degrade and destroy, their fellowmen.

Actuated by this heaven-born, inspiring influence, an Association has been formed, practically to carry out the mission of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost.

In the prosecution of this work, it will be the aim of the Association not only to avoid the causes of previous failures, but to embody the wisdom gained by experience, and the discoveries of science, in forms as true to nature as the knowledge and means possessed will permit. Hence, avoiding speculative creeds and theories, the Association will regard as its basis those principles which are in harmony with Universal Nature and the Constitution of Man, as a progressive being—Purity, Justice, Love and Truth—and will recognise, in every appropriate way, the inalienable rights of Human Brotherhood.

Deeply sympathizing with the individual and associative efforts which have heretofore been so devotedly expended in this behalf, we cannot but perceive that the tenure by which they held their position has been exceedingly frail, and liable every moment to adverse influence which no sect or party alone can resist. In proof, we refer to many well-known points, on our Western frontiers and beyond the Rocky Mountains, where the despised Indians have been driven away from Mission stations erected for their benefit; and to other places in California, North Oregon, and Washington Territories, where Missionaries have been cramped in their labours, or wholly driven from their work. We therefore appeal to humanitarians of every class, to professors of religion and especially to clergymen, to lay aside sectional and sectarian prejudices, throwing open their hearts, their halls, their churches, to the appeals of our agents, and blend their influence to maintain the rights belonging to themselves and those for whom they wish to labour.

GENERAL PLAN OF OPERATIONS.

The Directors offer the following as the direct purposes for which they solicit the general coöperation of their fellow-citizens.

1. To awaken an interest in the minds of the public in behalf of the Indian race, by means of agents and publications, showing the enormous injustice, amounting to wholesale robbery and murder, perpetrated upon them.

2. To put a stop to this robbing of the Indians, by which they are driven into swamps and mountains to starve and freeze, and hunted and shot like the beasts of the forest.

3. To petition Congress to furnish such as have none with suitable and fertile Reservations, with agricultural implements, and other suitable helps to a true civilization.

4. To sustain upon each Reserve a sufficient number of persons, of both sexes, properly qualified to encourage and direct the development of all the better faculties, and, if necessary, to employ agents to visit the reserves and ascertain the actual condition and needs of all the various tribes.

5. That Congress be petitioned to sanction the appointment, as magistrates and other civil officers, of a certain number of those white men who may colonize as teachers amongst the Indians; giving them power to arrest and punish vendors of whiskey, and other aggressors on the persons and property of the Indians, in accordance with the laws of the United States; so that neither the red nor the white man may have any excuse for retaliative vengeance upon the innocent.

By thus making their domains secure and sacred for their use, the Indians, with proper aid, will develope themselves and the resources of their country, and, instead of being a scourge on our frontiers, and a terror to emigrants and settlers, they will become a source of revenue, and a means of strength and greatness, and both races may live, and prosper, and rejoice together. The Directors, in full confidence of the justice of these propositions and in the humanitarian and patriotic character of the enterprise, cordially invite the subscriptions and influence of their countrymen and countrywomen to secure results so desired by all.

New York, October 1, 1857.

TAPPIN TOWNSEND, Chairman.
L. T. WARNER, M.D., Treasurer, 49 Lafayette place.
W. C. GOULD, Secretary, 218 Spring street.
JOHN BEESON, General Agent, 15 Laight street.

Directors.—Tappin Townsend; R. Walter Heurtley; Dr. W. C. Gould; Richard Reed; John Beeson; Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham; Mrs. Maria L. Buckley; Mrs. E. R. Swackhamer; Mrs. F. H Green, J. K. Ingalls; L. T. Warner, M.D.; E. R. Swackhamer; Dr. R. T. Hallock.

Honorary Members.—Rev. L. Paddock; Rev. Edwin H. Chapin

a preaching place. He made an appointment for Sabbath. We went to the meeting; on the way we met part of the mob. Soon after we arrived at the house, we were apprised that forty men, armed with guns, pistols and bowie-knives, were on their way to the meeting, swearing they would "take him dead or alive."

Bro. Richardson was with me. The appointment was not ours; and it was deemed best that we should get away as soon as possible. The mob soon came; finding we were gone, part of them started in pursuit, and continued their search until late at night. We escaped and returned the second day after to my house unhurt.

Part of the same mob raged around a house last Sabbath, where they said I was to have been. They are growing weaker and in less repute. I think they will yet accomplish a good work. They will make the better part of the community take sides against them, and with us. God will make the wrath of man to praise Him.

I have been beset with mobs for twelve years, yet the Lord has delivered me, and I have not been seriously injured.

Some friends have been frightened away from the State. This is what the mob seek to secure. By this action they hope to deter persons from coming to our meetings. One of the late mob was exhorted "not to go to Mr. Fee's meetings if he did not like his doctrine." The member of the mob said, "Yes, but so many others believe him." They hate the light. They neither enter in nor willingly suffer others.

I have seen Bro. Powell. He says he will no longer fellowship slaveholders, and will now try to build up anti-slavery Churches.

Bro. Jones is doing well. He is delighted with his work (colporteur). Four men recently surrounded him and took away some of his tracts. He took it patiently.

The colporteur work is becoming more and more necessary—very many of the people are now anxious to read.

LATER.—Friends now are becoming more firm and determined to maintain their rights. The better class of society are sympathizing with us. They are being compelled to take sides. Not many sober, reflecting men like to take sides with the mob.

The last four weeks have been weeks of great anxiety of mind and continuous bodily toil. The young in experience needed instruction, the timid encouragement, the elder to be encouraged and led forward. I feel now that all is safe. The storm is over, and the troubled surface is again becoming smooth. To God be all the glory.

WORLD REFORMATORY SOCIETY.

To The Editor of The Christian Inquirer:

"God has made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell on all the face of the earth."

"Call no man master, for one is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."

IN this wonderful age of the world, when science and inventive genius are developing the resources of nature and art combined; producing the most extraordinary revolution in the facilities for improvement in knowledge, and for the production of the necessaries and enjoyments of life; we still behold millions of our fellow-creatures under the influence of debasing circumstances, living in ignorance, degradation, wretchedness, and vice. Still, they are our brethren; equally with ourselves were they created in the image of God, and designed for a glorious immortality in eternal life. From these suffering millions the cry of misery appeals to all the principles of humanity, benevolence, and love, for the annihilation of the *causes* of their wretchedness and woe. As this cry comes up to our ears, the breathing desire of every soul which is governed by the spirit of Christ is, "Teach me to feel another's woe." As this petition is offered in sincerity, the feeling of commiseration and sympathy with the distressed becomes an established principle in the mind and a controlling influence in the life, breathing forth that holy aspiration which flows from the union of the spirit of Christ with the human soul, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven." The spirit of this prayer prompts its possessor to faithfulness in the exercise of all Christian efforts for removing the obstacles to its fulfilment out of the way, under a holy assurance that when the obstructions which men have interposed shall be done away, the kingdom of God will come, and the kingdoms of this world will become the kingdom of Christ, and he will reign forever and ever.

The contrast which now prevails in the condition of different classes of society is not a result of laws established by the all-wise, benevolent Creator, but it has grown out of artificial *causes*, originating in man's transgression of the Divine law of love.

When the *causes* which now keep a large portion of the human family in a degraded condition shall be removed, and the principle of one universal brotherhood shall be practically recognised throughout the world, the elevation of the lowly will relieve them from the snares of corruption and crime, and the alluring temptation to tyranniza over and oppress the poor will no longer ensnare the wealthy in this gross wickedness.

The instrumentality which God is calling for to accomplish this great work is a world-wide organization of a Reformatory Society, based on the principle of universal brotherhood, kindness, and love.

When the whole human family shall be brought to stand on this platform, and the Gospel of Jesus Christ shall be proclaimed to all nations, as he commanded, all social and moral evil will flee before it as chaff before the wind.

Trusting in our Heavenly Father for Divine illumination to enlighten our understanding, and for his paternal guidance to lead us in the path of success, we do hereby unite in a coöperative organization, under the following CONSTITUTION:

ART. 1. The name of this Society shall be THE WORLD REFORMATORY SOCIETY. Its object will be to investigate and to present to the world a demonstrative exposé of the *causes* of the wretchedness, degradation and crime which now prevail in the world, and to unite in coöperative labours for the annihilation of those *causes*.

2. There shall be a general meeting of the Society held annually, at such time and place as the Executive Committe shall appoint, of which due notice will be given.

3. The officers of the Society shall be a President, seven Vice-Presidents, Treasurer, Corresponding and Recording Secretaries, and an Executive Committee composed of the above-named officers, with the addition of fourteen members, whose duty shall be such as properly belong to their positions respectively. Tuey shall be elected at the annual meeting, and shall hold their offices until others are elected.

4. The Executive Committee shall meet monthly, and shall have a general superintendence of the affairs of the Society; they shall make arrangements with publishers of respectable periodicals for disseminating light through the columns of their publications, and shall employ agents for the advancement of the cause.

5. All expenses of the Society shall be defrayed by voluntary contributions.

CONCLUSION.

We invite the friends of reform throughout the world to organize coöperative societies, and to elect delegates to meet in a World Reformatory Convention, to be held once in two years, alternately in the cities of New York, London and Paris, for the purpose of adopting and issuing to the world a wisely-matured, effective exposé of the *causes* of the poverty, degradation and criminality which now prevail in the world; repeatedly calling the attention of rulers and people in all lands to the importance of a united, world-wide movement for the annihilation of those *causes*, that they may no longer stand as obstructions to the coming of the kingdom of God, and the doing of his will on earth as it is in heaven.

"Great is truth, and it will prevail."

N. B.—Persons disposed to have their names enrolled on the list of members of this Society, preparatory to its organization, will please forward their names and address to the subscriber, at Eagleswood, Perth Amboy, New Jersey.

Contributions toward defraying preliminary expenses will be thankfully received.

Publishers of newspapers and other periodicals, who are favourable to reformatory movements, are respectfully requested to give this a place in their columns, that it may have a world-wide circulation wherever the arts of printing and reading are known.

ARNOLD BUFFUM, Correspondent.

HAS A NEGRO A RIGHT TO SIT IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE OF A THEATRE?

From The Evening Post.

A CASE involving the right of a negro to sit in the family circle of a theatre was decided in the Boston Superior Court on Friday last. The plaintiff, McCrea, purchased a ticket to the family circle of the Howard Athenæum, to which part of the house he was subsequently refused admittance on the ground of colour. On his behalf it was argued by Mr. Andrew that the sale of a ticket to any part of a theatre was of the nature of a contract, which the manager was bound to execute; and that the act which entrusted to the city officials the power to license places of public entertainments gave the licensed no right to exclude coloured persons.

Mr. Durant replied, in defence of that, the authority to grant licenses of public amusements was conferred only for the preservation of order and good morals; and that the possession of such a license did not imply any obligation analogous to that of innkeepers to entertain all comers, as was claimed by the counsel for the prosecution. He also contended that the sale of a ticket was not of the nature of a contract, on account of the patent ambiguity of the ticket itself, on which the words "Howard Athenæum" did not appear. A ticket with simply the words "Family circle" upon it only means that persons who conform to the rules of the theatre should be admitted there.

In reply, Mr. Andrew argued that there was nothing ambiguous in the ticket, and that in the case of a white person presenting it it would not have been so considered.

In rendering his decision, Judge Abbot said that under the common law a manager might make such regulations in regard to the persons to be admitted to his theatre as he saw fit, a right which had been contravened by no statute. As to the purchase of a ticket, he held that it was merely an executory contract, under which an action for cost cannot be sustained, but only an action for breach of contract.

Under these rulings, the counsel for the plaintiff said that they were willing that a verdict should be recorded against them, from which they could take exceptions, and carry the question—"whether a license for a place of public entertainment does not allow all classes of the community, irrespective of sex or colour, admittance to all parts of the place of amusement"—before the Supreme Court for a decision.

This proposition was agreed to by the defendant's counsel, and the case was thus closed in this Court.

CARRYING OUT THE PRINCIPLE.—It is reported that petitions are in circulation in Frederick and other Counties in Virginia asking the Legislature to confer on the County Courts power to sell into slavery free negroes for debt or for neglecting to provide for their families.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24 1857.

POSTPONED.

IN consequence of the great financial revulsion, which has swept over the land like a tornado, reducing even the wealthy to circumstances of deep embarrassment and plunging the poor into a lower deep of poverty, the Committee of Arrangements for the Northern Disunion Convention, appointed to be held at Cleveland on Wednesday and Thursday next, have come reluctantly to the determination to postpone the said Convention to a time hereafter to be fixed—probably until next spring. Up to a very recent period the prospect of a large and influential Convention, in response to the call so numerously signed, was most hopeful; but it is now manifest that, if held at all, it must necessarily be a merely local body, with few representatives from other States than Ohio. In these circumstances the Committee have concluded that it is not best now to attempt to hold such a Convention as the call contemplates, but at the same time to leave the friends of the cause in Northern Ohio, who will no doubt be greatly disappointed by this announcement, to judge for themselves whether it is best for them to hold a local meeting at the time appointed.

We need not say how deeply we regret the calamities which have seemed to compel the Committee to this painful step; but we would not have our readers suppose for a moment that the labour of preparing for the Convention has, on this account, been lost. Far from it. The discussion evoked by the call more than compensates for that labour, great as it has been. Not in vain have SEVEN THOUSAND citizens of the Free States lifted up their united voice against the Atheistic idolatry which exalts the blood-stained Union above all that is called God or worshipped as divine. The slaveholders have recognised in that voice a prophecy of the doom that awaits their hellish system, while the true friends of liberty have been cheered and strengthened thereby.

"THE INDEPENDENT" AND SLAVERY.

IT is one misfortune of our times that an enormous and aggravated sin has become so familiar to the popular mind, by justification as a theory and permission as a custom, both in Church and State, that such similitudes as even approximately indicate its enormity seem, to the unthinking mass of ordinary men (to that "*common* mind" which, the poet tells us, is wholly formed by education), exaggerated and overstrained. To the great majority of our community, who feel no aspiration towards a better way of living than that which their neighbours practice and their minister allows, the designation of something which has been thus practised and thus allowed during their whole lives as a great evil and a great sin, needing immediate repentance and reformation, seems fanatical and absurd; and the fact that efforts against slavery and accurate descriptions of its character really bear this aspect to great numbers of our people shows how unaccustomed they are to test the propriety of things actually done by referring them to a standard of what *ought* to be done.

To attempt to parallel the excuses made by clergymen for slavery, by supposing the same things said by the same persons in excuse of falsehood, theft, drunkenness, fornication or adultery, would thus be considered, by the majority of people, as going too far; whereas the fault of such an illustration is that, by inevitable necessity, it fails of going far enough, just as a part fails, and *must* fail, of equalling the whole. Slavery, a corrupt root, necessarily produces all these evil branches, and more, in every community where it flourishes; and therefore an enumeration of the evil qualities of one or all of these branches will necessarily fall short of expressing the evil character of the root; yet to our community, so far corrupted by its familiarity with slavery as not only to endure, and pity, and embrace, but formally to ally itself to that hateful monster, the statement in question will seem too strong instead of too weak.

Since, however, such a parallel, though really deficient in strength, is appropriate, and since repetition is the needful method of impressing it upon the common mind, we must use this until we find a fitter.

It is plain, is it not, that a liar does wrong when he accuses the innocent, sows dissension between friends, causes groundless anxiety, suspicion or alarm, and gives the inquirer a direction which will lead him astray?

It is plain, is it not, that a thief does wrong when he breaks or defaces valuables that he cannot carry off, when he takes mementoes of friendship or love which are prized by the loser at far more than their intrinsic worth, and when he averts suspicion from himself by throwing it upon a guiltless person?

It is plain, is it not, that a drunkard does wrong when he beats his wife, spends upon his own riot the money that should have given bread to his family, and curses those who would persuade him to reform; and that a profligate does wrong when he leaves the victim of his seduction to die of hunger, or the offspring of his vicious indulgence to grow up in sin as well as shame?

It is equally plain, is it not, that liars, thieves, drunkards, seducers and adulterers are specially tempted to do, and are accustomed to do, these very things, and thus to bring great guilt upon their own souls, as well as inflict much harm on the community?

And it is furthermore plain, is it not, that these wrong things should be discountenanced and opposed by the better part of the community, and especially by such as have banded themselves together "to promote the interests of vital godliness and sound morality"?

These things being so, the question now arises whether, looking at the matter practically, and in regard to the natural probabilities of success in combining the *discouragement* of the particular wrong things above specified with the *encouragement* of "vital godliness and sound morality," it would not be well to publish and circulate (in the communities where lying, theft, drunkenness, seduction and adultery are not only common, but reputable, and that among ministers and Church-members not less than others) tracts, entitled, respectively—"Duties of Liars," "Duties of Thieves," "Duties of Drunkards," "Duties of Fornicators," "Duties of Adulterers"; and whether, to avert prejudice, insure union, and become all things to all men in accomplishment of the good purpose of trying to save them, it would not be well also to make, in the course of these tracts, appeals of special urgency to Christian liars, regenerate thieves, pious drunkards, godly fornicators and heavenly-minded adulterers, against indulgence in these particular branches of their permitted occupations, and above all things to avoid the slightest intimation that lying itself, theft itself, drunkenness itself, fornication itself, or adultery, itself is in any manner objectionable?

In other words, the question is whether, on the whole, more would not be gained to the kingdom of righteousness and true holiness by returning to the too long-neglected department of mint, anise and cummin, and laying aside, for the present, those more cumbrous matters of the law which make it unacceptable in some parts of our beloved country.

The American Tract Society, having been put, for some time previous to last May, under a powerful squeezure of circumstances, became convinced against its will that something must be said about slavery. Although it had hitherto treated those sin-sick souls which came under its charge by the allopathic method, "pouring in" its oil and wine according to the example of that famous regular practitioner, the good Samaritan, on this occasion, moved thereto by various weighty considerations, it decided to make trial of the homœopathic treatment, and had prepared, with long delay and minute elaboration, a pro-slavery draught of the millionth dilution for the cure of a slaveholding people, when suddenly the patient refused, both to take the medicine and pay the bill, and the doctor, in despair, gave up the case.

To drop metaphor, the Tract Society, after evading, in every possible way, the wish of a portion of its constituents that it should publish something respecting slavery, at least ingeniously decided to comply with that wish by publishing something *in favour* of slavery, and had already compiled, for republication, some plantation homilies of tried excellence, when an accident, to which professional manœuvres are always exposed, turned the very masterpiece of their management against themselves, and left the already printed pro-slavery volume useless on their hands. In their long and devious line of fortification, this little point was left unguarded. The Society had assumed that real distrust of their honesty was felt only at the North, and that any deceitful solemnity of speech which might be needful to quiet the insurgents in that quarter would be understood at the South as a mere pretence, indispensable to the carrying out of their *real* wishes and purposes in *its* favour. But, alas! the South itself began to suspect; and, with characteristic promptitude and energy, in matters where the welfare of slavery is concerned, as soon as it began to suspect, it stopped the supplies of the Tract Society, and refused to pay another cent until the unknown something which had been printed *about* slavery (but which they did not know to be *in favour* of slavery) should be discarded, and the old policy of silence restored. On the receipt of this intelligence, the "management" of the Society immediately voted to suspend the publication of the pro-slavery volume in question—"Scriptural Duties of Masters"—and to wait for further action of the Society itself, at the next Annual Meeting; the rather as they will thus secure, for eight months longer, a continuance of their favourite policy of silence in regard to slavery.

Now, if the small minority of the Society which have recently become dissatisfied with this policy, and whose clamours against it have sufficed thus to disturb the respectable quietude of the main body, had really made this movement in the interest of the slaves, the road to further success was plainly marked out for them by the success of the slaveholders in *their* purpose. The stoppage of Southern collections immediately accomplished the object of the South, and brought the Society on its knees before her. But the North contributes ten times as much as the South, and an immediate stoppage of *her* collections would, *a fortiori*, produce another right-about-face movement of "the management," and cause it to see a new train of "leadings of Divine Providence," and discern, by the light reflected from that amount of gold and silver, that the glory of God and the good of souls laid in the very opposite direction. The method by which fervent prayer may surely be made "effectual" with the Secretaries and Committees of the Tract Society thus becomes as clear as daylight; but if the Churches have not yet got their eyes open wide enough to see it, duty and policy alike urge the clerical and editorial leaders of the protesting host to point it out to them; if every one of these should promptly and heartily say to the hearers or readers who look to him for instruction, "Beloved brethren, you have liberally responded to our appeals when money was to be given; it has now become our duty to entreat you to withhold it. The functionaries of the Tract Society have shown themselves more influenced by money than by honour, justice, humanity or religion; use your pecuniary power over these unfaithful servants to force them into obedience to the organic law which you imposed and they undertook to administer, and which enjoins them *to promote the interests of vital godliness and sound morality*; give not another cent to the agents of the Tract Society until they shall show you at least one tract published at their establishment *against slavery*; and, if such publication shall not appear before the next annual meeting, see to it that, at that meeting, every one of the present officers of the Society shall be dropped from the list with disgrace, and new labourers, more honest and faithful, supply their places in the vineyard."

If every minister and every editor who has been finding fault with the pro-slavery course of the Tract Society were at once to take this method, the desired change would be accomplished, either by the reformation or the expulsion of the present mis-managers, within a year from this time.

Their actual course has been very different; and the course of *The Independent*, *primus inter pares*, has been the very opposite of this.

The Independent has obtained a copy of the pro-slavery volume which, as above mentioned, has been printed by the Tract Society, and which would (perhaps) have been published but for the suspicions, and consequent defection, of the South. It regrets that the size of the volume (125 pages) prevents its entire publication in its own columns, and gives, instead, a copious abstract, with selections. But, so far from using this opportunity to point out the craft with which its authors have suggested the use of prayers and sermons, as at once easier and more effective for the subjugation of the bondman than that of chains and scourges, *The Independent* praises both the authors and their work.

The general title-page of the compilation in question is as follows:

"SCRIPTURAL DUTIES OF MASTERS—Comprising A Pastoral Address of the Rt. Rev. William Meade, D.D., of Virginia; A Sermon of the Rev. John C. Young, D.D., of Kentucky: and Brief Selections from publications of the Rev. Drs. John B. Adger, C. C. Jones, James W. Alexander, and Rev. A. T. Holmes, and a Notice from Rev. Dr. Thomas Smyth. American Tract Society, 150 Nassau street, New York."

The first of these articles, by Bishop Meade, of Virginia, is in perfect coincidence with the "sermons to masters and slaves" formerly published by that hoary-headed advocate of oppression, in which he said to the slaves:

"What faults you are guilty of towards your masters and mistresses are faults done against God himself, who hath set your masters and mistresses over you in his own stead, and expects that you will do for them just as you would do for him. And pray do not think that I want to deceive you, when I tell you that your *masters and mistresses are God's overseers*; and that, if you are faulty towards them, God himself will punish you severely for it in the next world, unless you repent of it, and strive to make amends by your faithfulness and diligence for the time to come, for God himself hath declared the same."

It is the writer of this, a thorough Virginian, whose life has been spent in practically upholding the slavery which is here theoretically justified, whom the editor of *The Independent* calls "the good Bishop"—"the excellent Bishop"—"venerable in a truly apostolic sanctity."

Of the author of the second of these articles, Rev. Dr. John C. Young, of Danville, Kentucky, a Northern man with Southern principles, *The Independent* says: "He has left behind him, in the sect of which he was a member, no survivor with superior claims on the respect and love of all the Churches." And of the publication in question, the same authority tells us—"The sermon is worthy of its author; he can have left nothing better fitted to be greatly and widely useful."

To show the disregard of moral principle implied in these eulogies, we need only say that both the essays now mentioned *imply*, from beginning to end, that the state of slavery is right, and that the slaves *owe* to their masters the unlimited service and labour which the latter require. *The Independent* represents it as a merit that neither essay contains a formal defence of slavery. But the quiet assumption of its perfect rectitude, in a book full of appeals to religious considerations, is at least equally objectionable in the book, and makes the eulogy no less shameful and unprincipled in the Reverend Editors than if it were applied to Dr. Ross or Parson Brownlow.

We have often said that the complaints of the *quasi*-reformatory religious press respecting the Tract Society seemed made rather to gain quiet for the Churches and the Society than help for the slave. But never have we seen a more manifest leaning in that direction than *The Independent's* praise of this pro-slavery book and its authors, and its implication that the call which has been made upon the Tract Society for publications on slavery will be considered by the religious press as satisfactorily answered by publications *in favour* of slavery.

INDIGNANT.—The recent action of the Executive Committee of the American Tract Society has aroused the indignation of not a few of those who were formerly liberal contributors to its treasury. The Chicago Congregational Association has expressed its sentiments in the following resolution:

Resolved, That the recent circular of the Executive Committee of the American Tract Society, announcing their determination *not* to carry out the instructions of the Society with reference to publications on the subject of slavery, has filled us with disappointment, sorrow and alarm; that we regard their decision as a manifestation of weakness unworthy of Christian men in their position; that we pronounce their excuses to be undeserving of attention, and an insult to the intelligence of the public; that we deem their course to be treacherous to their official duty, and most injurious to the interests of the Society; that we view with apprehension the effect which their action will have upon the confidence hitherto reposed by the churches in the management of our benevolent societies; and that we call for a special meeting of the Society to review the subject in question, and to which the present Executive Committee shall tender their resignation!!

FILLIBUSTERING EXPEDITIONS.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The* (Richmond) *South*, writing from this city, says:

"Since I have been in New York I have had opportunity of gathering some little general news; and I have obtained, especially from private sources, some interesting intelligence in relation to Nicaragua matters and movements of Gen. Walker. I am not at liberty to communicate certain portions of this information, nor to give details of the conversation here. You may rest satisfied, however, that the second expedition of General Walker is being prepared on a scale commensurate with its importance, and is already matured beyond the possibility of being crushed at once into insignificance. If the Government is resolved to intercept the expedition, it has set before itself a difficult task, which it may have, in the end, to relinquish. Gen. Walker has men and means enough already at his command for the regeneration of Central America. There are not less than *three thousand men* who stand at this moment ready to do his bidding. The fund which has been collected for the purpose of the expedition, principally in the Southern States, is said to amount to considerably over two hundred thousand dollars, and is on deposite in a Southern Bank, where it is safe from the trials and temptations of the hard times."

These statements are confirmed by reports from the South. A despatch to the *Herald* from Washington states that the Walker fillibusters are actively recruiting and that already several hundred have gathered at New Orleans. Late accounts from Texas state that the sloop Elizabeth cleared at Galveston on the 29th ultimo, for Tehuantepec, with a number of adventurous Texans on board. "It is said," says the *Herald*, "that *the United States officers at the South sympathise with the fillibusters, and the latter, therefore, apprehend no difficulty in carrying out their plans.*"

The *Times* says:

"General Walker has been visiting the editors of the New Orleans papers, giving an account of his successes in enlisting men and means for a new fillibustering campaign. He claims to have enrolled three thousand men for his new army, and collected funds to the amount of $200,000. The head-quarters of the new expedition appear to be in Texas, whence many of the recruits come."

The following despatch to the Associated Press conveys the latest information:

"WASHINGTON, Monday, Oct. 19, 1857.

"Information has been received here from the South that Walker's Expeditions—one to leave New Orleans and the other Galveston—have been delayed, in consequence of financial pressure, until the 1st of November. They do not expect to meet with serious, if any, opposition from the Federal officers.

"They propose to land at some point in Costa Rica on the Atlantic coast, and then march on San José, the Capital of that Republic, which they expect to reach in two days. Their calculation is, that when they capture it, the whole country will be in their possession. The aggregate of the fillibuster force is from 1,800 to 2,000 men."

KANSAS ELECTION.—Later advices confirm the opinion we expressed last week, viz.: that while Parrott, the Free State candidate, is elected to Congress by a majority so large that the Border Ruffian Democracy will not probably try to count him out, the Legislature has, by the most atrocious frauds, been secured by the pro-slavery party. *The Tribune* of Wednesday says:

"Our telegraphic advices from Kansas by way of St. Louis, received late last night, give great reason to fear that the nefarious conspiracy to impose another Border Ruffian Legislature on Kansas, by the ballot-box stuffing and falsified returns, is likely to be consummated. There has been sent up to Lecompton what purports to be an official return from Johnson County, giving *sixteen hundred and four majority* for Ransom, which of course overbalances the Free State majority (1,484) in Douglas, and gives the three Councilmen and eight Representatives from that District to the National Democracy.

"It is impossible to speak of this monstrous crime with patience. There is no man in Kansas who does not *know* that there cannot be two hundred legal voters in Johnson County, and that there were not even Missourians enough in that County on the day of election to cast sixteen hundred votes without voting at least half-a-dozen times each. If this impudent fraud is persisted in, Kansas must again be an arena of anarchy and violence. It is not right to ask her people longer to submit to be robbed of their dearest rights in this way."

The same paper, of a previous date, says:

"The People of the Free States of all parties virtually forced the Free State men of Kansas to abandon their State organization and go into the recent election for a Territorial Legislature under the auspices of Gov. Walker and the bogus local authorities. It was in vain that they remonstrated and declared voting under such auspices of no use—that they had tried out the policy of voting under the rule of the elect of the Border Ruffians, and found it impossible to obviate the double danger of being overwhelmed by invasion from Missouri and beaten in the count in case they should be able to overbear the fraudulent vote. Still, Buchanan and Walker pointed them to the ballot-box for the peaceful redress of all their grievances, the Shamocratic press thundered 'Vote! Vote!' and the great majority took up the cry, and impatiently queried—'Why don't you vote?'

"Well: the Free State men—that is, most of them—have submitted to the unjust humiliation of proffering their votes to the election officers whom they knew to owe their authority to gross fraud, and have gone to the polls to vote under laws enacted expressly to harrass and oppress them, and under an apportionment the most unjust and infamous that villany ever contrived. They went into the election with a full knowledge that they would be cheated at every turn, cheated in detail and in gross; but the People of the Free States demanded of them this sacrifice of conviction, consistency and self-respect; and they made it. Having done so, and having polled a large majority of the votes, though the votes cast against them were at least half fraudulent, they have now a right to appeal to their volunteer counsellors for justice. They have a right to say, 'You people of the Free States, of all parties, forced us into this Territorial Election—we now appeal to you to see us treated with some show of decency. If you let the fraudulent vote against us pass without rebuke, at least see that we are not trampled under the feet of Walker's dragoons in obedience to the dictates of authorities who, according to bogus law, have been ousted by the popular vote. They have not been able again to vote us down—do not let your deputies count us down.'"

Correspondence of The New York Times.

LAWRENCE, Kansas, Friday, Oct. 9, 1857.

The late returns are somewhat more pro-slavery than those first given us, and the Lecomptonites are claiming a majority in both Houses from the figures. Brown, Nemaha, Atchison and Doniphan Counties they feel sure of, and we grant them all but the last, which may yet be doubtful. In Franklin County they had no County Commissioners, whose duty it is to appoint voting precincts, besides the County seat. Therefore, the people in convention decided to vote at several other places. Now, it proves that all the votes cast in the County except those polled at Centropolis, the County seat, will be thrown out. Here was a County of over a thousand voters, with only one precinct granted them, while Johnson County, on the border, where we cannot have over from two to four hundred legal voters, has seven or eight legally-appointed precincts for the special accommodation of Missouri. These are some of the *beauties* of the arrangement provided us by that party which claims to be the incarnation of Squatter Sovereignty.

Some of the returning outlanders passed through here yesterday, on their way back to Missouri, with *negroes* even in attendance. A train from New Mexico also came through our town, and some of the families said this was the first town they had seen for seven years.

One of our most reliable public men in Kansas is just in from Kickapoo, who says he was there on the day of election, and *saw the elephant*. Gov. Walker was there in person with a company of dragoons. Now mark the sequel. It was apparent to all that a large force of imported voters was there from Missouri, and Walker was applied to, and asked to interfere to prevent it. What followed? A majority of 500 pro-slavery votes were cast in a town of about 200 legal voters, and, instead of Walker's giving us protection as a high-minded and honourable dispenser of an important public trust, he permitted the invaders to indulge their most unscrupulous propensities for voting, and, worse still, *he told the soldiers to vote, and they did vote, in violation of a law of Congress.* This is a most unparalleled outrage. Now let us see who will attempt an apology for it.

POLITICS.

The election returns from Iowa encourage the Republicans to hope that they have carried the State, though the Democrats claim a victory for themselves.

"Hangman Foote" has returned from California to his old home in Mississippi, where he hopes to recover his former influence and power in the Democratic party.

Gen. James Hamilton, a Calhoun nullifier of the times of 1831-2, is likely to be the successor of Butler, the uncle of Preston Brooks, in the U. S. Senate.

It seems probable, from late reports, that while the sham Democracy, in conjunction with the Know-Nothings, have chosen two-thirds of the members of the Legislature of Ohio, Gov. Chase is reëlected by a very small majority. All the Republican State ticket is probably chosen, except Blickensderfer for the Board of Public Works.

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.—We invite attention to the Appeal of this Society in another column. In the whole catalogue of charitable associations there is not one that we can more heartily and unreservedly commend to the confidence of our readers. Under the wise direction of Mr. Brace and his assistants, it is doing an incalculable amount of good in rescuing the poor and otherwise friendless children of the city from degradation and vice.

PERSONAL.

Caleb Cushing has been engaged to deliver the opening lecture before the Boston Mercantile Library Association. Caleb is held in great honour by Hunkers of all stripes in the city of notions.

The Rev. Dr. Bellows of this city is engaged to deliver twelve lectures in the Lowell course at Boston, commencing on the 27th inst. His subject is, "The Treatment of Social Diseases, Poverty, Crime, Ignorance," &c.

Charles Mackay, the popular song-writer and editor, arrived from England in the Asia on Saturday last. He is the author of the song, so familiar to American ears, "There's a good time coming, boys." He has come, it is understood, for the double purpose of making himself personally familiar with our manners and institutions and to deliver a pleasant lecture to us on Ballad Poetry.

The Washington correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury* writes as follows, Oct. 5:

"Mr. Benton is generally believed to be convalescent, but this is an error. A severe paroxysm is over; his physicians have pronounced him better, and his family are cheered; but *he* knows that he holds but a slender lease of life, and he has friends who divine this conviction, though he does not express it. There is a deep and painful disease within the cavity of the abdomen, which does not always excite the viscera to morbid action, but is always impairing his energy, and tending to the ultimate result. He has not, in the present interval of comparative repose, regained his flesh, his strength, or natural buoyancy, and will not. A day or two ago, Mr. Cass inquired of an old and mutual friend how Mr. Benton was. The reply was not encouraging: 'We men of seventy and more,' said Mr. Cass, 'do not recuperate well when once prostrated.' 'No,' said his friend, 'we do not. Have you not seen Mr. Benton?' 'I have not yet seen him,' he said. 'Then,' rejoined the other, 'I would not defer it long.' Mr. Cass glanced quickly at his friend, and read the import of the remark as it related to Mr. Benton, and then was silent for a time—I might say was sad. The toils of the State Department press too heavily upon *him*, and his appearance at times betrays the fact."

A private letter from Mr. James D. Hague, of Albany, who is now in Europe, furnishes very agreeable intelligence respecting the Hon. Charles Sumner. Mr. Hague spent a day in company with Senator Sumner, and thus writes respecting the state of his health:

"He converses without, the slightest degree of that nervousness which one might expect after reading those paragraphs in the newspapers which make it out that he is in a precarious situation still. I doubt whether his health was ever much better; he looks remarkably well. He was on his way from Avona to Turin, and thence over the Great St. Bernard into France again, having been in Switzerland a week or two."

Mr. Sumner himself writes as follows from Heidelberg, Sept. 11th:

"Weeks have now passed since I have seen a letter or a newspaper from home. During this time I have been travelling away from news, and I am now famished. On my arrival at Antwerp I trust to find letters, at last.

"I have been ransacking Switzerland; have visited most of its lakes, and have crossed several of its mountains on mule-back. My strength has not allowed me to venture upon any of those foot-expeditions which are the charm of Swiss travel, by which you reach places out of the way; but I have seen much, and have gained health constantly.

"I have crossed the Alps by the St. Gotherd, and then re-crossed by the Grand St. Bernard, passing a night with the monks and dogs; I have passed a day at the foot of Mount Blanc, and another day on the wonderful Lake Leman. I have been in the Pyrenees, in the Alps, in the Channel Isles. You will next hear of me in the Highlands of Scotland.

"I see our politics now in distant perspective; and I am more than ever satisfied that our course is right. It is slavery which degrades our country, and prevents its example from being all-conquering. In fighting our battle at home, we are fighting the battle of Freedom everywhere. Be assured I shall return, not only with renewed strength, but with renewed determination to give myself to our great cause.

"I am not yet entirely well, but I am almost. My case spins out slowly; but I find that my experience is that of others who have received injuries to the brain. My general health, which is now complete, is surely lifting up the diseased part of my system."

LETTER FROM A. M. POWELL.

SHERMAN, Chatauque Co., N. Y., Oct. 12, 1857.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WE have held, since my last, a very interesting and satisfactory Convention at Collins Centre, Erie County. It was held in a Methodist church, and, except the morning session of the first day, was very well attended. On Sunday the house was insufficient for the audience. Mr. —— KING was chosen President; Mr. GEORGE WING, Secretary. During the day and evening of Saturday the political aspects of the slavery question were fully considered by W. W. Brown, S. B. Anthony and myself. At the close of the afternoon session a young school teacher (Mr. Heath, I think, was his name) entered upon a defence of the Republican party, but soon quite lost himself in a rhetorical glorification of the "Fathers of our glorious Constitution." The announcement of the approaching Cleveland Convention and the Disunion movement which, on the part of the Northern States, it will inaugurate was received by the Convention with a degree of thoughtful interest, very gratifying to note. Intelligent people realize, more than ever before, the utter failure of the "Union" to afford protection to any considerable portion of the inhabitants of this country, beyond the mere numerical handful of Slave Oligarchs. On Sunday the influence of slavery upon the religious organizations constituted the chief topic for discussion—a large audience in attendance, with many from distant neighbourhoods. The morning session was mainly occupied by your correspondent in a review of the anti-Wesleyan position of the Methodist Episcopal Church in relation to slavery. The Methodists were not inclined to undertake to defend the Church from the charges upon our platform, but, as the best they could do, seemed disposed to exclude the Convention from the church, at least for the afternoon, as they had a conditional appointment for preaching at that time. But the fates were against them—their preacher failed to appear, and, after an unsuccessful effort, it was said, to find a substitute who would occupy the time, they abandoned their meeting, and our Convention went on without having to adjourn, as was expected, to God's out-of-door temple. After six deeply interesting and stirring sessions, the Convention adjourned, at a late hour on Sunday evening, and by it, we all feel, and are strongly assured by friends, that an excellent work has been accomplished for our cause in that portion of Erie County.

To Mr. and Mrs. Conger, John Wilbur and family, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Wing, I am much indebted for their kindness and most hospitable entertainment. To Mr. Stephen Wing we are particularly indebted for efficient coöperation in arranging for meetings, and for means of conveyance as our appointments required.

While in Erie County I was very glad of the opportunity to pay a visit, in company with Mr. Wing and S. B. Anthony, among the Indians of the Cattaraugus Reservation. They have appropriated for their use by the Government about twenty-eight thousand acres of (for the most part) excellent land. Their present population is about fourteen hundred. They have six schools, two of which I visited, and was well pleased with the manner in which they were conducted, considering the class of pupils of which they are composed. One was under the care of an Indian, himself formerly a student in the State Normal School at Albany; the other was in charge of a lady, a missionary, appointed by the American Board. The Orphan Asylum, founded by a wealthy Quaker of Philadelphia, is a valuable and well-ordered institution. The "Friends," who have heretofore made praiseworthy efforts in behalf of civilization among the Indians of this Reservation, have, I believe, discontinued their labours. It was here that GRIFFITH M. COOPER spent several years as a teacher and friend of the Indians. I am assured, by persons who have long resided in the immediate vicinity of the Reservation, that of all the missionary labour bestowed among the Indians, so far as it has had any effect upon them, none has resulted in as much appparent good as that put forth by the Society of Friends. They made no special effort to introduce a new system of *theology*, but rather to establish schools; to teach the Indian the value of industry and temperance; and the advantages which would come to them by thoroughly improving the lands thus appropriated for their use. Other missionaries have laboured more to convert the Indians to a *sound belief* in the peculiarities of orthodox theology, and, as is often the case, under other circumstances and with a different people, the converts too frequently well-nigh demonstrate their total depravity, and innate wickedness. The appearance of the Indian homes on the Reservation is such as to indicate quite the opposite of enterprise and prosperity; they appear, indeed, in most unfavourable contrast when compared with settlements of fugitive slaves and coloured people. The Indian has much to contend with, but among the most formidable of the obstacles in the way of his attaining a high degree of civilization is his utter aversion to continued, persevering labour and industry.

In this (Chatauque) County I have lectured four times, to large and intelligent audiences. On Wednesday and Thursday evenings last I lectured in Jamestown, a pleasant village of about twenty-five hundred inhabitants. The Methodists opened their church for my lectures, but the second evening, as I felt in duty bound to treat with the utmost frankness those who were so kind as to open their church for me, and so stated what I understand to be their position in relation to slavery, the pastor, Elder Peet, in an unlooked-for and most undignified, unmanly and unchristian manner, came out in opposition to me, representing the Methodists to be a remarkably anti-slavery people, quoting the division of the Church, a few years ago, as evidence of their anti-slavery character! He is not accounted an ignorant man. In the last campaign he was popular as a Fremont orator. In consequence of his course on the last evening, and at the urgent solicitation of friends, I have engaged to return to Jamestown and give two additional lectures on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of this week. I enjoyed the hospitality and have the coöperation of our uncompromising anti-slavery friend

by no means overflowed its shores that time. It had a tremendous list of Vice-presidents, arranged in alphabetical order, containing the names of men which called up the funniest associations as regards Mr. Gardner. I will not specify any of them, as it has been suggested that many names may have been put on the rolls of honour without their knowledge or consent. There were the names of the old Webster Whigs and the men who used to rule the State and who were pitched out of the saddle by Gov. Gardner. There were the men whose pet aversion he was three years ago, and who could not find language adequate to express their contempt for him. And now here they were all reduced to the necessity, or the alternative, of trying to keep him in place for another year. Verily, he has had his revenge. Mr. Hillard was the only speaker, and the line of his argument was the most damaging possible to his side of the case. He harped almost entirely on the strings of the Governor's refusal to remove Judge Loring and his vetoing acts of the Legislature, generally. Now, as the Legislature may be reasonably supposed to represent the sense of the State on these particular points, it would have been better policy, one would think, to glide over these as quietly as possible, and put the issue solely on the reduction of the expenses of the State.

The hunkers certainly have this to say, that they used to govern us at a much cheaper rate than the Know-Nothings and the coalition of Know-Nothings and Republicans have done for the last three years. In their time a State Tax was a thing almost unheard of, and $75,000 the utmost they ever imposed upon us—and I am not sure that the coalition of the Democrats and Free-Soilers was not preferable to *that*. Now a tax of near a million is regularly levied upon us, and what for it passes my wit to find out. No party can hold power long that does not abate this nuisance effectually. The Straight Republicans, or those who think that Banks is no better than Gardner, anti-slaverywise, held their Convention and made their nominations last week, too. This movement is not inaugurated with any expectation of immediate success, but in the hope of bringing about a political party on a really Anti-Slavery basis. There can be no doubt of their sincerity and disinterestedness, as they have gone directly in the face of all their old associates and political friends. But I think they will find the organization of a great party on anti-slavery principles a vain experiment. They had better come over and join us, and we will show them a more excellent way. Of course, the effect of their diversion will tell in favour of Gardner—a result as unsavoury to them as to us, but which they think to be preferred to accepting Mr. Banks as the representative of the Republicans of Massachusetts. Still, I should judge from what I hear, this last named gentleman will be the successful candidate. If so, if we cannot rejoice in his triumph, we can most sincerely exult over the defeat of his antagonist. I think this is about all I have to tell you, at present. We have, to be sure, been emulating you in the recreation of murder as well as in that of bankruptcy. There were two or three men killed on Saturday night, one a case of a most deliberate murder of a policeman in rescue of a prisoner, besides several stabbings. As to what concerns our own particular, the Cleveland Disunion Convention is postponed for the present, on account of the state of the times. I think this is a wise movement, as the Meeting would not probably be as numerously attended from distant parts of the Free States, nor yet produce the effect it should do on the public mind, at this time as at a more favourable period.

D. Y.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

WATERFORD, Oct. 1, 1857.

It is now nearly a month since the British Association for the Advancement of Science held its meeting in Dublin. The meeting lasts a week; it is held annually at the end of August, each year in a different town or city of the three kingdoms. Last year it was held in Cheltenham, next year it will be in Leeds, the year after in Aberdeen, and there is generally a pretty keen competition for the honour of the next turn. The London *Athenæum* will give you the best summary of the proceedings you can find, until they appear officially in the annual report, which makes a goodly royal octavo volume. But these reports, of whatever size, are, at best, but dry bones, when compared with the living, breathing, cheerful, festive reality. Dublin was pronounced to have done well on this occasion, and is accordingly very well pleased with herself. First of all, we had beautiful weather. Then we had fine accommodation. Trinity College gave us the use of her new building—a magnificent addition to her already noble array of courts, squares, and stately facades, with her beautiful campanile—the princely gift of Primate Beresford. The new building consists of a noble hall, adorned with costly marble columns, and a painted ceiling in the gorgeous style of the Temple Church, London, and serves as a vestibule to a great array of board rooms, lecture rooms, &c. This building was completed in time for the meeting of the Association, and was granted by the College for the purpose. Nothing could be more suitable, handsomer, or pleasanter. With a spacious lawn on each side, the College Park at one end, and at the other the courts and buildings of the University, a certain air of learned elegance was conferred by the site, which made all the members and associates, gentlemen and ladies, feel exalted in themselves as they trod the precincts consecrated by the memory of Usher, Goldsmith, Grattan, Burke, Sheridan, Moore, and Plunket.

The meeting commenced by a general assembly of the members in our largest public room—the Round Room of the Rotunda—to hear the address of the President for the year, the Rev. Humphrey Lloyd, a Senior Fellow of Trinity College, who enjoys a high reputation for his investigations into Magnetism and Electricity. It was a beautiful parterre of wise, bright, beautiful or intellectual faces—and it was further adorned by all that silks, satins and tasteful and elegant dresses could contribute to gratify the eye.

The daily meetings for business were held between 10 a. m. and 3 p. m., each section meeting in a separate apartment of the new building, and being presided over by some scientific or social celebrity. The sections were those of Mathematical and Physical Science; Chemistry; Geology; Zoology and Botany; Physiology; Geography and Ethnology; Economic Science and Statistics; and Mechanical Science. Dr. Whately, the celebrated Archbishop of Dublin, was President in the section of the Economic Science, and, as its objects touch more closely than the rest upon topics of human interest, it was the most crowded of any, and its debates and papers the most generally attractive. Next to this came the section of Geography and Ethnography, where the celebrated African travellers, Dr. Barthe, Dr. Livingstone, and M. D'Abbardie, all stars of the first magnitude, were seen together on the platform. So much for the working hours. In the play time there were promenades in the Botanic Gardens, and the Zoological Gardens, beautifully ornamented and delightfully situated pieces of ground in the suburbs; there were lectures and soirées, attended by thousands of pleasant-faced people, young and old, gentlemen and ladies, boys and girls, all in their best bibs and tuckers. The crowning attraction was a soirée at the Castle of Dublin, the seat of Government, on the special invitation of the Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Carlisle, who, breaking through the starched conventional rules of court etiquette, invited all the members and associates to spend the evening with him in his palatial apartments, from which, under ordinary circumstances, all the traders and mercantile classes are strictly excluded. There were hundreds there that evening who got something to talk of all their lives afterwards. How beautiful the rooms, how cheerful and varied and pleasant the company, how courteous and good-natured the host, how he bowed to us, shook hands with another and chatted to a third, how sweet the cakes, how refreshing the tea, how cool the ices! I was not there—but I saw some of those who were, and I assure you they were a pleasant sight to see. For myself, I was but a spoke in the wheel, a slave of the lamp, being evidently engaged as a part of the machinery by which all this gala of science and leisure was kept moving—in plain English, I was "only a printer," and had neither time nor opportunity for sitting in the sections, walking in the promenades, listening to the lectures, talking in the soirées, or scraping acquaintance with the great ones of the earth. Indeed, the whole season was to me one of mingled rejoicing—in the fact that there was a British association to shed abroad so much intellectual light and social enjoyment; and of humiliation, feeling—as in London—like a mere straw on the bosom of a mighty river. Yet I can sympathize with old Sam Johnson, who delighted "in the full tide of human existence" that swept on through Fleet street; and I exceedingly enjoy these social gatherings, whilst feeling as an atom in the crowd. How much learning, genius and beauty are congregated on such occasions! What useful intellects, how much genuine philanthropy, what hopes and aspirations, what various passions, feelings and impressions are stirring in the bosoms of such many-faced crowds!

After the meetings of the Association were fairly over, the whole was wound up by a series of excursions, of which a number were planned to suit the time, the means and the tastes of the members. To each a director and a secretary were appointed, and the arrangements were published some days beforehand, so as to give time for the members to make a selection. The least ambitious was a trip to the neighbouring County of Wicklow, which is dotted over with localities remarkable for their picturesque beauty, whilst some, such as the Seven Churches of Glendalough, are celebrated in the poetry of Moore and in the early legendary and ecclesiastical history of Ireland. The geologists, amongst whom were many ladies, were gratified by an excursion to the Hill of Howth, a peninsula which forms the northern side of Dublin Bay. On its opposite side from Dublin it is bare and precipitous, with romantic cliffs sweeping down hundreds of feet into the sea, and furnished along the brow of the hill with a narrow path for the benefit of holiday visitors. In addition to Howth, it was proposed that the excursionists should visit Zambay, a neighbouring island about eight miles further off, which is remarkable for its geological phenomena, and a steamboat was provided to convey them thither. However, the rain fell, the wind blew, the sea tossed and foamed, and only seven or eight of the savans were sufficiently zealous to face the raging waves, and one of them was so sick that I have never done pitying him ever since. Those who remained on terra firma took the way round the hill over the sea-cliffs, with hammers in their hands—gentlemen and ladies, in their silks and satins, paletots, parasols, and umbrellas—and so queer a procession as they formed is rarely seen out of the pages of *Punch*.

Then the astronomers were in great luck, for a trip to Parsonstown was arranged for their satisfaction. This is a town of no great size or importance—equal, nevertheless, in size and population, to about twenty or thirty of those hopeful young gatherings of sheds and shanties in Kansas and other parts of the West, which set up in business as *cities* from the first moment of their existence. It is, however, illustrious as the residence of Lord Rosse, who has erected there the greatest telescope ever made. Who has not heard of Lord Rosse's telescope? About one hundred and fifty visitors were furnished with free tickets by the Directors of the Railway which conveyed them to Parsonstown, and then, by previous arrangement, they were billeted on the gentry and other residents of Parsonstown whose circumstances enabled them to extend hospitality to the unfortunate pilgrims of science. However, Lord Rosse and his Countess took the lead in this respect, for, during the day and a half that the visitors remained, they had an ample and elegant table spread for their refreshment; and I have been told that nothing could exceed the kindness, courtesy and liberality of their behaviour to this huge houseful of Worshippers of the Stars, of all ages, both sexes, and a great variety of conditions. It was very pleasant and I enjoyed it exceedingly, though I lament to say that I was not there.

The most adventurous of all the excursions, and that which made the greatest show in the papers, was the trip to the Arran Isles. Now, there is the Isle of Arran, with its lofty and serrated mountain peaks, on the left hand as you sail up the Frith of Clyde towards Glasgow. This is not the island I mean. Nor yet the North Isles of Arran off the west coast of Ireland, not far from the coast of Donegal. Look at any map of Ireland larger than your two hands and you will see off the Bay of Galway—on the west coast—a cluster of small islands, which are precisely those that I mean. They are about thirty miles from Galway town, and perhaps the nearest point of any of the islands is ten miles from the coast of the County of Clare, to the south of Galway. These islands are nearly all of a limestone formation, remarkably bleak, base and sterile in their general appearance, whilst, like all places where limestone abounds, the vegetation is wonderfully rich and luxuriant wherever there is any soil to nourish it. However, neither the bleak rocks nor the fruitful crevices with which they abound were the objects of attraction. But a deep interest attaches to them because they abound in the remains of huge fortifications of cyclopean masonry, which are believed to have been erected, upwards of 2,000 years ago, by the Firbolgs, the aboriginal natives of Ireland, when driven here to make their last stand against the Tuatha-Danaan, the invaders who expelled them from their homes, and who are believed to have subsequently been obliged to give way before the conquering Milesians, a good many of whom are at the present time laying the blame of all their miseries on the Saxons, who were conquered by the Normans, who were subsequently *licked* by the Americans, who are now marching straight on in full view of the Star of Empire. However, the Isles of Arran are not only rife with Pagan and pre-historic remains of vast antiquity and extraordinary interest, but they are abundantly furnished with ecclesiastical remains of the sixth, seventh and eighth centuries, when their remote and sterile rocks furnished an asylum to saints and anchorites from the bloodshed and rapine by which the rest of christendom was then defaced and distracted. There is perhaps no spot of Northern Europe more interesting in these respects than the Arran Isles, and yet, from their remote position and sterile character, they have been very little visited. No regular communication is maintained with them, and the usual intercourse is by means of an occasional fishing or market-boat, or light canoes formed of a slender framework of wood, covered with skins or pitched canvas, precisely such as were used by the aborigines of the British Islands in the time of Julius Cæsar. It was, therefore, a great day for the British Association, and particularly for Dr. Wilde, an eminent Dublin physician, oculist, antiquarian, ethnologist, and statistician, the Director of the Excursion, when Lord Stanley of Alderley, the head of the Imperial Light-house administration, granted one of the steamboats employed on the coast for the use of his Inspectors, for the purposes of the excursionists. Arrived at Galway (also by free ticket granted by the Railway Company), those who had decided upon visiting Arran, shaking themselves loose of all the ladies of the party and of all the gentlemen who were not prepared to face the difficulties, dangers and discomforts of these specks in the sea, where hotels are unknown and English a foreign tongue, boldly stepped on board, and—to make a long story short—such a time as they had inspecting ancient forts, cromlechs, round towers, old churches, hermits' cells, lofty cliffs, grand sea views, and primitive natives in picturesque attire, with their simple and cordial hospitality, that I have no room to detail. Even *The Times* condescended to open its columns to an account of this trip, which was rendered doubly interesting by the presence of Petrie, Ferguson and Wilde, distinguished and learned antiquarians, and of John O'Donovan and Eugene Curry, the most eminent living depositaries of the language and literature of ancient Celtic Ireland.

I need not tell you—indeed, I could not express—how deeply England is stirred by the present condition of British India—by the stupendous mutiny of a native army of more than a hundred thousand men, and by the sudden toppling down of her power in the greatest and grandest of all her dependencies. In England no doubt is felt that her power will be asserted and her prestige and authority restored—the nation was never more bent upon anything—but it must be by a great expenditure of suffering, blood and treasure. The habitual indifference of the British people to all matters not immediately connected with home affairs is proverbial. They think highly of themselves, and not much of other people. Most Americans would be astonished if they could be brought to a full sense of the ignorance and indifference amongst the mass of Englishmen respecting the greatest, most wonderful, freest and most enlightened people under the sun. Wrapped up in this proud and self-introverted admiration, their apathy to outer barbarians of all kinds extended even to British India. Hundreds of thousands (myself among the number) of the middle classes thought in their secret souls that if India had nothing to do with England, and if England were to leave India alone, it might be better for both countries in most particulars. Happening to expose my shallowness in this respect, in a letter to a friend, I was favoured with a few lines in reply, which, as they are neither private nor confidential and are calculated to amend erroneous impressions which are extremely prevalent, I will copy for your edification:

"In answer to your questions about India, and taking the 'low' (your own word) view first, India has never cost us, the people of England, anything in money, while the commerce between the two countries amounts to from fifteen to twenty millions per annum. The *land* revenue of India is above £20,000,000, and no great country has ever yet been so lightly burdened with debt in proportion to its revenue, in spite of the costly improvements made, which are rapidly becoming productive. Some millions of the population of both countries are *created* and kept alive and in comfort by the industrial partnership of the two countries, and would be thrown adrift if the political partnership were at an end.

"Further: the existence, improvement and comfort of one hundred and eighty millions of human beings rest upon us, through our Indian relations. Their fathers were scarcely allowed breathing time in the last days of the Moguls; and after that, the whole land was a scene of internecine warfare, till we, most reluctantly, had the power lodged in our hands; since they, in proportion to its spread of our power, industry, peace and civilization have extended, a new and happier population has been created, famines are well-nigh abolished, rights and duties have grown up, and, over a space as large (except Russia) and a population as various as Europe, the *miseries* of Asiatic existence have been increasingly supplanted by the benefits of the European mode of existence. Franklin said, 'You may ask the use of a new born child'; and in the same way, how can one answer when one is asked the profit of a sphere of duty? I can only say, here is the mightiest dependency ever attached to any empire—the noblest charge ever committed to any nation—and it has been, on the whole, well appreciated. The world never witnessed, on the whole, so fine a piece of government. Thus India is the same use, the same *profit*, that all responsibility is, worth more than the ordinary incitements and a full share of all the various rewards. I suppose such a series of eminent and virtuous men never appeared on any stage as in India, within half a century."

By a late letter from Mr. F. W. Chesson, George Thompson's son-in-law, I was sorry to learn that his family have not heard from him for a considerable time. About two years ago he visited India, on some matters of private concern which, whilst not immediately remunerative, it was expected would prove, in the long run, highly advantageous. During his residence in India, he chiefly resided in or near Calcutta; but his health has been so affected by the climate that he has been obliged to withdraw more than once to Ceylon to recruit. As he did not reside in or near the disturbed districts, no fears are, I believe, felt for him on any account connected with the mutinies or insurrection—but it is feared that his health may be in so precarious a way that writing is difficult or impracticable.

"The Garies and their Friends," by Mr. Frank Webb, husband of the celebrated American coloured lady who reads so beautifully, has lately been published by Rutledge & Co., very eminent London publishers. One large edition was rapidly sold off, another has since come out, and the book is favourably spoken of by the reviews. One of my family lately had a letter from Mrs. Webb, whom we had hoped to see as our guest in Dublin, informing us that she has been troubled with a pulmonary affection, which has been aggravated by her public and private readings, and that she is about to withdraw for the winter to Cannes, in the South of France, in the hope of relief from a change of climate. As Mr. Webb's book is furnished with some lines of introduction not only from Mrs. Stowe, but from Lord Brougham, it occurred to me as not unlikely that the veteran statesman, orator and philanthropist, the friend, fellow-labourer and cotemporary of Clarkson and Wilberforce, may have offered the use of his residence at Cannes to this gentleman and his accomplished wife, whose gifts and graces I have heard spoken of in warm terms by many competent judges.

You have, I suppose, heard the name of Mr. Spurgeon, the young orthodox London preacher, whose vehement eloquence draws such unprecedented congregations. Although this letter is already too long, I do not like to close it without telling you the following respecting him. It is taken from the *Gateshead Observer*:

"An American minister called upon him and said, in the course of conversation, that he had a congregation in the States of 3,000 people. 'And have you blacks in your congregation?' 'Yes.' 'And do you worship together, or have you partitions and curtains?' 'Oh! the blacks are behind a curtain.' 'And do you take the Lord's Supper into the blacks behind a curtain?' 'Yes.' 'Now sir, do you know what a monomaniac is?' 'Yes.' 'Well, sir, I'm a monomaniac—a monomaniac on the subject of slavery' (and Mr. Spurgeon dashed his hand into his pocket, and, bringing out his penknife, opened it) 'Yes, sir, I'm a perfect monomaniac. I've no control over myself, sir. And, if you stay here about ten minutes longer, I may put this knife into your hypocritical bosom. So I warn you! Be off, sir! be off! I feel it rising in me. Be off, I say' (and he hustled Jonathan to the door, nervously handling his knife all the while.) 'And did you really mean to stick the fellow?' said the friend to whom he had related the story. 'Why, no,' he said, 'perhaps not quite that; but I'm going to America before long, and I wanted them to know, before I go, that they won't humbug me about slavery.'"

Now, whether the anti-slavery zeal manifested in a way so eccentric and unclerical will withstand—as such zeal very seldom does—the voyage westward, is more than I can divine. Probably it may come out when he finds the Churches so influential and respectable, the coloured people so poor and friendless, and the Abolitionists so much given to take the immediate care of their own souls. Nevertheless, if he should have sense enough to see what so few see, that no imputations against their opponents can justify the slaveholder and their pet system, great good may result from an upright course in the United States of a man of Mr. Spurgeon's vast popularity, original talent and force of character.

Yours ever, RICHARD D. WEBB.

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.

APPEAL.

It is well known that our enterprise in behalf of the poor children of New York City has depended mostly for its means upon the generosity of the mercantile community. In this time of calamity among the merchants we can, of course, expect but little aid from them. We find ourselves now, at the approach of a terrible winter, unless assistance be given, forced to the necessity of at once contracting our operations, reducing the number of our Visitors, and thus of the number of deserving poor whose condition we can ascertain and whose children we might aid; and of closing our Lodging-House for News Boys; lessening our companies to the West and repelling from our Office the homeless and friendless we could otherwise assist. We place this before the public, hoping that there may possibly be those, not involved in these crushing disasters, or those still with means for charity, who can help us over the next three months.

It is to be a fearful season for the honest and deserving poor: many an unfortunate girl will date her ruin from the desperation of this time; many a needy family will deplore children first dragged into petty crime or vagabond habits from the temptation of this period of poverty and idleness; thousands will suffer from hunger and cold.

Shall our Institution, which seeks to aid the wretched and homeless children of the poor, by giving food and shelter, by education and especially by transferring them to kind homes far away, be crippled at such a time as this?

Donations can be sent to the President, JOHN L. MASON, Esq., Trinity Buildings; to the Treasurer, I. E. WILLIAMS, Esq., Metropolitan Bank, or to this Office.

C. L. BRACE, Secretary.

Children's Aid Society, 11 Clinton Hall, Astor Place.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.—The American issue of this work has been transferred to John Jansen, 126 Nassau street, whose advertisement will be found in another column. The weekly issues for September constitute the *monthly* number of the American reprint for November.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 700, is filled with briefer articles than usual, selected with care from the current English periodicals. 321 Broadway.

Summary.

"Times are improving, and men are getting on their legs again," said a gentleman to his friend. "How so?" "Why, those who used to ride down in their carriages now walk."

"You call that good, don't you?" said Mr. Funshaw, offering a $5 note on a Providence bank at the bar of one of our hotels. "O yes," replied the attendant, "it's good, undoubtedly, but, like Dea. Cranston's piety when he gets swearing mad, *not immediately available!*"

LIBERALITY.—C. F. Hovey & Co., a large firm doing business in Boston, being obliged to dismiss thirty of their female employees this week, presented each with four weeks' wages in advance.

The Annual Meeting of the Indiana Woman's Rights Association will be held in Winchester, Randolph County, Ind., on Thursday and Friday, the 5th and 6th of November. Frances D. Gage, of St. Louis, is expected to be present.

A CAPITAL SENTIMENT.—At a recent railroad festival at Cleveland, in honour of Mr. John Durand, Superintendent of the C. & P. Railroad, Mr. G. A. Benedict, of the *Herald*, gave the following exquisite sentiment:

Our Mothers—The only faithful *tenders* who never misplaced a *switch*.

A HINT.—If your sister, while tenderly engaged in a tender conversation with her tender sweetheart, asks you to bring a glass of water from an adjoining room, you can start on the errand, but you need not return. You will not be missed, that's certain—we've seen it tried. Don't forget this, little boys.

PRENTICE'S LAST.—Among the speakers at the Gardner ratification meeting in Faneuil Hall this evening, not before announced, will be the Hon. Lucrease Sumner, of Great Barrington.—*Boston Journal.*

When Charles Sumner left this country for Europe, we though that the Sumner family in New England was reduced to one. We had no idea of this increase.—*Louisville Journal.*

SAVE HIM FROM HIS FRIENDS.—Minister Mason's alleged breach of etiquette at the French Court—which no one ever credited—is elaborately denied in the Richmond *Enquirer*, by a writer who thus gives his character: "In any question of manners, he possesses the kind sensibility to prompt, and, unimpaired, the just facility to discriminate, what, as regards the occasion, it seems most proper and befitting to do or to avoid." The N. Y. *Tribune* says of this paragraph: "There is no name given, but we know the writer to be a gentleman by the fine language he uses. It reminds us of a reply sent by a courtly negro to an invitation, in which he regretted that circumstances repugnant to the acquiesce would prevent his acceptance to the invite."

In the Circuit Court of Bedford County, Va., last week, Miss Almira W. Wingfield obtained a verdict of $2 500 damages from Wm. Stein for breach of marriage contract. The lady is about 34 years of age and the gentleman 80. This was the second trial of the case, a former jury having given a verdict of $750 for the plaintiff, which was set aside on motion of the defendant.

A FREAK OF NATURE.—A lady in Blackford County recently gave birth to a child only seven weeks after a previous confinement. The first child was a boy, and was born on the 13th day of June. The second child was a girl, and was born on the 1st day of August. They are the children of Aaron Hess, an old resident of Blackford. Both are living, and the mother is doing as well as could be expected. She attended to her daily household duties between the births.—*Lafayette (Ind.) Courier, Oct. 6.*

CRITICISMS.—Mr. Tuckerman relates that, before Macaulay's History appeared, his rival critical essayist, Carlyle, in reply to an inquiry what his opinion might be of the illustrious Babington, said, "Brilliant commonplace, sir, *flow on, shining river.*"—*Exchange.*

Macaulay, if asked for his own opinion of the illustrious Carlyle, might reply, with equal taste and infinitely greater truth, "Sublime inanity, sir, *look up through Night—the world is wide.*"—*Louisville Journal.*

THE BOSTON TRAVELLER.—The anti-slavery editors of the Boston *Traveller* have been pretty thoroughly sifted out. No less than five of the ablest anti-slavery writers in the country, who became connected with that paper when it swallowed the *Atlas* and *Chronicle*—two of the best Republican journals in the State—have, one after the other, dissolved their connection with that establishment, viz.: Robert Carter, Charles C. Hazewell, William S. Robinson, Samuel Bowles, and Edward G. Parker.—*Worcester Spy.*

FUNERAL OF G. W. P. CUSTIS.—The correspondent of the *Times*, in giving an account of the funeral services at the burial of the late Geo. Washington Parke Custis, at Arlington, near Washington, says: The bier, bearing the remains, was carried out to the grave by eight of the eldest slaves, who were immediately followed by several of their aged companions of both sexes. The latter, I suppose, were the immediate domestic servants of the deceased. The relatives and friends followed in procession, walking to the grave.

ASKING TOO MUCH.—A young couple were sitting together in a romantic spot, when the following dialogue took place:

"My dear, if the sacrifice of my life would please thee, most gladly would I lay it down at thy feet."

"Oh, sir, you are too kind! But it just reminds me that I wish you would quit using tobacco."

"Can't think of such a thing—it's a habit to which I am wedded."

"Very well, sir; this is the way you lay down your life for me, and, as you are already 'wedded' to tobacco, I'll take good care that you are never wedded to me, as it would be bigamy."

Next December Kansas is to have an illustrated weekly, called *The Crusader of Freedom*, owned and edited by Mr. James Redpath, the well-known correspondent of the St. Louis *Democrat*, and published at Doniphan. Among the regular contributors named in its prospectus are Gen. Lane, Mayor Adams, Judges Conway and Hunt and Mr. Wm. H. Philips. It will contain portraits of Kansas celebrities, from Gov. Reeder to Col. Titus and Eli Thayer, inclusive, as well as a history of Gen. Lane's career in Kansas, prepared by himself. *The Crusader of Freedom* is designed to be pre-eminently the organ of the Free State party, and an accurate guide to the emigrant.

A CARAVAN FOR TEXAS.—At the close of last week Samuel M. Scott, Esq., one of the most prominent of our citizens (says the Lynchburg *Courier*), and his whole family, consisting of children, grand children and children-in-law, together with fifty or sixty slaves, started, in the good old fashioned wagon-moving manner, for the great State of Texas. The procession, being nearly a quarter of a mile in length, must have been an imposing one, and, being patriarchal in character, must have brought to mind the migration of Abraham and other ancient gentlemen who moved about from place to place with a long retinue of men, women and children, tents, herds, camels, horses and dogs.—*The (Richmond) South.*

HORRIBLE MURDER.—A most horrible murder was committed near Princess Anne, Md., on Wednesday last. *The Snow Hill Shield* says:

"A negro man, who has been some time attempting to pass himself as partially deranged, met on the road, after night, a white woman, whom he attacked, cut her open, and horribly mutilated the body. He also cut off the right hand at the wrist, which cannot be found. The demon was arrested, confessed the deed, and gave as a reason for the act that a confessor named Posey had told him that if he could get the right hand of a female corpse and wear it about his person, he would at all times be able to overcome his enemies. He is represented as a desperate, dangerous negro, and has for a long time escaped just punishment for his villanies by feigning insanity."

Many years ago a man in Virginia, by the name of McCormick, invented the reaping machine which bears his name. Living in a slave State, where there is little reward for ingenuity and industry, the invention was of small profit to himself, but his son, C. H. McCormick, came to Chicago some ten years ago, and commenced the manufacture of the machines, which have yielded him a very large fortune. This fortune, gained under free institutions, he seems disposed to use in subverting them as far as he can. He has headed a movement for bringing a pro-slavery champion, the Rev. Dr. Rice, from St. Louis to Chicago, and settling him over a church, with a salary of $5 000 per year, of which McCormick is to pay $2 000. It is said, the object being to make the people of Chicago "sound on the goose." I fancy the Rev. Rice will find Jordan a hard road to travel.—*Chicago Cor. Boston Traveller.*

LIBERALITY OF A COLOURED CONGREGATION.—In Natchez, Miss., there is a coloured congregation, of which their pastor bears the following testimony in a letter to the *True Witness*:

"In these days, when the Boards are so much in need of funds, a case like this might seem as an example for diligent Churches. These are the facts in the case: The collections are voluntary on their part, and were commenced ten years ago, the average amount collected during that time is a little over $50 per annum—the aggregate is $501 84. Last year the amount was $70 13. The last sum is more than was raised for Foreign Missions by all the Churches in some of the Presbyteries in our Synod. And in the Presbytery of Mississippi there are only *four* Churches that have given larger sums to this object. Our plan is to take up collections *monthly*—and for a congregation made up chiefly of *slaves*, this is doing well."

NORTH-WESTERN VIRGINIA.—The editor of the *Messenger and Record*, published at Morgantown, Va., has recently travelled over much of North-Western Virginia, and in his last number he copies an extract from the Wellsburg *Herald*, expressing the belief that "it is morally certain Virginia will follow in the wake" of Missouri and become "a free State," or split, and replies to it as follows: "The Wellsburg *Herald* speaks truly, for a fact, as to the public sentiment in the upper end of the Panhandle, but it does not represent that of North Western Virginia generally. We have recently travelled through more than a dozen counties, extending from Mason and Dixon's line to Jackson (the nearest county, save one or two, to the Kentucky line), and it is our deliberate conviction that the people of all parties and sects regard the 'peculiar institution' with no special disfavour. In any portion of the territory above referred to, an Abolitionist of any intelligence would promptly receive leave of absence, with orders not to return."

POOR WORKING WOMEN.—The first great care now should be to secure employment for as many women as possible. We have so contracted their field of work, and so selfishly and graspingly monopolized avocations to which they were quite equal, that the suspension of two or three kinds of industry leaves thousands upon thousands of them without honest resources. The rule, we think, especially in these times, should be that when a woman can do what a man is doing, he should gracefully yield his place to her, or, upon demurring, be made to do so. Let him take the roughest share of the man's work, and dig, fell and saw wood, while she spins, measures lambs, and makes change. Perhaps it is through our own great blunder that we are better prepared to rough it than she, but let us accept a responsibility which in summer times we have been so ready to assume.—*Tribune.*

The Boston *Courier* takes Rev. Mr. Pierpont to task for attending a meeting of Spiritualists on Sunday, and there reading a letter purporting to be from the spirit of Dr. Channing. The letter was in answer to one left, carefully sealed, with a medium, and which was returned unopened with the reply. The *Courier* charges that this reply, "besides containing bad grammar, did not meet any one of the specific inquiries propounded." To this Mr. P. responds that one of those specific inquiries was in the words, "Do you, as my spiritual counsellor, advise me, with a view to my spiritual advancement and eternal welfare, to give myself more earnestly than I have yet done to the examination of the phenomena and evidence bearing upon the truth or falsehood of the doctrines of Spiritualism?" and the answer, as read to the meeting, was, "Yes, I do, as W. E. Channing, advise and beseech you, as one who watches you continually, to investigate more and more; for the more you do so, the more you will be convinced of its usefulness." Mr. P. considers this a pretty direct answer to a specific inquiry.—*Christian Register.*

ABOLITION OF RUSSIAN SERFDOM.—A letter received from Europe by the last steamer, dated Konigsberg, Sept. 21st, says: "Letters received by a commercial house in this city from Russia state that the commission for the emancipation of the peasants has adopted the following resolutions: 'The emancipation is to take place at three successive periods; one to be occupied with preparatory measures; the second with the executive measures; and the third with the definite arrangements, to be confirmed by law.' In a manifesto from the Emperor, the landowners will be invited to come to an arrangement with peasants relative to the emancipation of the latter. The contracts between the owners and the peasants must contain these three clauses: 1. The land appropriated to each peasant to be farmed on the payment of rent must be sufficient for his existence and that of his family. 2. The peasants must undertake not to leave, at least for the present, the lands they now occupy. 3. The payment of the taxes due to the State must be guaranteed.' The other clauses of the arrangement are to be left to the free will of the contracting parties."

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY IN ARKANSAS—TWO WOMEN MURDERED AND THE MURDERERS BURNT.—We learn from a credible source that, on last Monday night, the 14th inst., a widow lady, Mrs. Hill, and a negro woman were murdered near Berlin, Ark., by two negro men. After perpetrating the horrible deed, the bodies of the two unfortunate victims were thrown into the house by the murderers and miserable wretches, which was set on fire and burned to the ground. It is supposed that the negro woman, from the evidence of blood and brains near the well, was the first victim, and the rest of the hellish deed was perpetrated either to conceal the crime or for purposes of plunder. Several negroes were arrested a short time after the murders were committed, and it was not known who were the guilty parties until last Friday, when two negroes among the number who were arrested confessed that they had committed the most atrocious act. A bonfire was made and the miscreate wretches were thrown into it. These are the most brutal and fiendish murders we have been called upon to record, though it is some consolation to know that the murderers met their just deserts.—*Bastrop Adv., Sept. 23.*

A PLANTER MURDERED BY HIS SLAVES.—We are indebted to the kindness of one of our friends from the country for the following particulars of a murder perpetrated in Sumter County:

"Several days since, say about last Thursday or Friday, Richard E. Stewart, a planter near Moscow, Sumter County, was missing and could not be accounted for. He had no white family—the overseer, quite a young man, and himself being the only white persons on the place. On Sunday last, the 11th inst., numerous persons through the county assembled to hunt the missing man. One of the company had his attention drawn to one of the negroes from some circumstances, and he was ordered to show the body. He then promised to disclose, if they would protect him. He went and showed where the body had been buried in a hole in the cornfield, and in hauling up the corn the waggon had been run over the place so as to obliterate all appearance of a burial. Ten of his negroes are implicated, and, with the overseer, are now in jail at Livingston. Five of these negroes say they murdered him about midnight, killing him with a mallet; then hauled him off in his wagon and buried him; then took his horse and saddled him and carried him to the back part of his farm, and there hitched him. The other five helped to bury him. The negroes implicate the overseer. A most horrid and fiendish murder, and the strong arm of the law must vindicate our lives or we will soon have no security. Mr. Steward was well known in Mobile, was a clever man and a thrifty planter. We have heard more of the details, but, as the case will soon undergo judicial investigation, it is perhaps best to give no more for the present."—*Mobile Tribune, Oct. 14.*

FINANCIAL TROUBLES—MOB AT PADUCAH.—A messenger of the banking-house of Kinney, Espy & Co., of Cincinnati, just returned from a trip into Western Kentucky proposing to exchange a carpet-bag of bills for one of gold reports a curious state of facts at Paducah. He had a pile of notes of the Commercial Bank of Kentucky, located at Paducah, and was approaching the banking-house to demand the specie, when he was beset by a crowd of boisterous fellows, who insisted that he should not present the notes. The President and Cashier of the Bank, however, behaved like gentlemen, telling the mobites that they were interfering with their (the bankers') business, as well as that of the messenger, and insisted on counting down the gold for the returned notes. The messenger then made his way to the house of the Paducah branch of the Bank of Louisville. The officers of the concern were sitting on the steps of the building, and the mob followed the messenger and blocked his passage into the house. He made out, however, to inquire of the President of the institution whether he could have specie for the notes and was answered "No." "Will you give me New York Exchange?" "No!" "Will you give me Ohio notes?" "No!" Whereupon the mob cried, "Move him—the d—d Ohio Abolitionist," a remark which hurt the feelings of the messenger very much. He was moved, however; compelled to leave the town immediately. Even the telegraph offices were closed against him. He holds the officers of the bank personally responsible for the outrage.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

WHITE BANDS AND BLACK BANDS.—The white musicbands of New York refused to go into the procession with the coloured bands of Philadelphia, on the occasion of the late firemen's parade in that city. We are sorry to say that our daily papers, in commenting upon the subject, manifested a lamentable want of useful knowledge upon the subject. In the first place, they have (comparatively speaking) no white bands in our sister city. The number of white musicians in that village is limited—to an extent utterly beyond New York comprehension. Nearly every man who handles "de fiddle and de bow" professionally in that quarter is a "coloured gemman," and many of them are not only clever performers, but grow tolerably affluent in consequence. Every "pickaninny" takes to musical affairs there as naturally as a duck takes to water; and the idea of employing "music" for any purpose—either for a ball, a wedding, a sleigh-party, a "cotillion" ditto, or a parade—except in the shape of ebony, never yet entered, we suppose, into the head of any domiciliary of the Quaker City. A white band is a marvel in its streets. Under these circumstances, we maintain that our New York bands acted pettishly in throwing up their engagements and returning home. "When in Rome, do as Romans do," is a good axiom; and when in Philadelphia, it is just as well to conform to the necessities or habitudes of that suburban community.—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

TWO STATESMEN EQUALLY ASTONISHED.—In his New Haven reply, President Buchanan thus expressed himself:

"Slavery existed at that period, and still exists, in Kansas, under the Constitution of the United States. This point has been at last finally settled by the highest tribunal known to our laws. How it could ever have been seriously doubted is a mystery."

Henry Clay, who, in his day, was thought to have some political knowledge and mental acumen, thus expressed an astonishment which *he* felt on the 22d of July, 1850:

"I am aware that there are gentlemen who maintain that, *in virtue of the Constitution*, the right to carry slaves south of that line (36° 30') already exists, and that, of course, those who maintain that opinion want no other security for the transportation of their slaves south of that line than the Constitution. If I had not heard that opinion avowed, I should have regarded it as one of the most extraordinary assumptions and the most indefensible position that was ever taken by man."

So it will be seen that these two eminent statesmen encountered each a great mystery in the examination of the same subject. Mr. Buchanan thought it a mystery how any one could have doubted that the Constitution carries slavery with it. Mr. Clay, on the other hand, regarded that doctrine as the most extraordinary assumption he had ever heard, and the most indefensible position ever taken by man.—*Tribune.*

DIED.

NEWELL.—In Boston on the 21 inst., Mrs. Charlotte E. Newell, widow of the late Mr. Thomas Newell, of Lowell, Mass. in the 64th year of her age.

NOTICE TO DONORS.

We take the liberty of reminding those

Miscellaneous Department.

THE HOME OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

On arriving at Bradford, one of the most populous and smoky of the many populous and smoky manufacturing towns of Yorkshire, I was told that Haworth was but ten miles distant; and preferring to make the journey on foot, soon found myself beyond the suburbs of the town, and out of the suffocating influence of its smoke. The first thing to be done was to find which was the Haworth road, and to this end I made inquiries of a native respecting the locality of the Mecca of my pilgrimage—Haworth, the home of Charlotte Bronté.

"I know nowt of it," he replied, and then, beckoning to some of his companions, informed them that "ta young man wanted to find out more than he could tell of himsel." So I again asked which was the road to Haworth.

"Haworth?—Haworth?" said native No. 2, doubtingly. "I doan't know nowt of it; but p'raps you mean Otley?"

No, I assured him I did not mean Otley, but Haworth, a village about ten miles from Bradford. At this they all shook their heads, and a third native suggested Skipton; but the suggestion was not received with favour. Fearing that my pronunciation of the name might not be correct, I asked if they knew of Hayworth; but they did not know Hayworth.

Perhaps they knew Hyworth? No, they were equally ignorant of Hyworth? It might be Heeworth, I suggested; but they had not the remotest idea of Heeworth. I then tried Howorth without effect, and even went so far in the list of vowel sounds as to feebly articulate Huworth. Here one of the natives, who had been for some time in a deep brown study, said that p'raps the gentleman meant Horth. I said it was very probable, and the speaker adding something about Horth on the moors, I assured him that it was the place, and received directions to go two miles or more to the Bar-gate, and then turn short to the left, while one sententious native made a general observation to the effect that if a body wanted to go to Horth, why didn't a body say he wanted to go to Horth at once't and be done with it, apparently quite oblivious of the fact that the body had been trying very hard to say so for some time.

This part of Yorkshire consists of a succession of rolling hills, highly cultivated, but destitute of foliage, and unpleasantly bare and naked. The different farms are divided by fences of dark stone that stretch along the hillsides in dismal black lines, cutting them up into little squares and giving quite a sombre aspect to a landscape already sufficiently dull and dreary. The houses also add to the peculiar effect of the scene, being built of a sullen brown stone, and standing, or rather crouching, in low clusters of half a dozen each, as though they feared being left singly and alone on the exposed hills. But while this mutual propinquity destroys all the idea of rural retirement, the houses are at the same time not sufficiently numerous in any one place to form a village, as each row is a mile or more distant from its next neighbour. Yet with all these unprepossessing features there is something strangely attractive in the scenery, the numerous hills and dales constantly assuming new aspects as you walk along the tortuous road. Now you catch glimpses of long narrow valleys, and the next moment you find yourself quite surrounded by rising slopes of cultivated ground. Now you spy a church perched in some lonely position on a distant hill-side, or one of the rows of little cottages, before alluded to, and then, glancing before you, a broad brown space among the green fields in the distance tells you that you are approaching the famous moors of Haworth. As you pass over one of those glorious dun moors, with its richly variegated carpet of flowers, a scene suddenly bursts upon you, in which Haworth forms the chief attraction, but which even without this is worthy of the highest praise.

It was toward evening that I arrived at this point, and, throwing myself down on a bank of flowery heather, on the very brink of a moor over which Charlotte Bronté and her sisters had often tripped, I gazed with surprised delight upon the exquisite scene. Beneath me was a long, green valley, stretching to the east, dotted with farm-houses and churches, while at the distance of about five miles were plainly visible the smoky chimneys of the manufacturing town of Keighley. On the opposite side, the hill-slope presented a succession of cultivated fields; while a little to the west another hill projected out into the valley, which here turned a sharp angle in a southerly direction. On this hill, and about half way to the summit, lay the village of Haworth, rising up from the valley in one steep street, and crowned with the tower of the parish church. Being built of the dull brown stone so prevalent in this region, and the houses connected with each other so as to appear at the distance as one long unit of building, the whole affair looked like some huge saurian monster, who was creeping up the hill-side, with his head near the top and his tail floundering at the base. Once that toad-like monster had a precious jewel in its head, and you can yet see the casket. It is an old clumsy house, the highest in the village, and discernible for miles—Haworth Parsonage, where Charlotte Bronté lived and died.

It had been cloudy and lowering during the day, and as I admired the scene, which even under these disadvantages was truly beautiful, the sun, as he declined toward the west, threw out spears of light through a rift in the clouds, and they fell with full force upon the village of Haworth, while the surrounding country lay in deep shade. For several minutes the light lingered around the old church, and hovered over the now famous parsonage, and then died away, not to return until, in renewed glory, it would shine the next morning from the east; and this little incident seemed like an emblem of the life of the marvelous woman of that village—Charlotte Bronte.

Passing up the long, steep street of the village, I wended my way to the Black Bull Inn, the same in which poor Branwell Bronté entertained with his boyish wit so many a wearied traveller. On the way I was slightly alarmed by hearing a fearful noise directly behind me, as of the tramp of a heavy charge of cavalry. Stepping quickly to one side, to avoid the impending danger, I looked behind and found that the much-ado-about-nothing proceeded only from a parcel of children who were following me up the hill, all wearing heavy wooden clogs, which created a tremendous clatter, each little toddling infant making as much noise as a mounted dragoon. It is true that strangers now frequently visit Haworth to do homage at the shrine of departed genius, yet they are not so familiar as to avoid notice; the juvenile Haworthians seem to think that stranger is a holy name, and that its bearer should receive due attention. Consequently I was escorted in state to my inn by the entire tribe with a noise as of the tramp of a mighty army, while infantile heralds announced my advent by running before my face and crying out, "Mother, here's a man! Look at ta man!"

The next morning was Sunday, and at the parish church I heard an able discourse from Mr. Nicholls, the husband of Charlotte Bronté. He is a man in the prime of manhood, reserved and dignified in manners (indeed too much so to obtain a local popularity), and preaches a sound, forcible, and by no means sleepy sermon. In the afternoon he read the service, and during the singing of the hymn I observed an old man, with a preposterously big white neckcloth, burying up his face to the nose, walk feebly up the aisle, his hand shading his eyes as he slowly picked his steps. He was dressed in a black gown, and as he ascended the pulpit I knew at once that he was the venerable father of Ellis, Acton, and Currer Bell—the Rev. Mr. Bronté. He chose for his text a few verses from the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and proceeded to give extempore paraphrases or explanations of each passage, using no notes whatever. I could not but be surprised with the fluency and eloquence of the language of this reverend octogenarian, and could not but feel affected by the quiet earnestness of his manner. Mr. Bronte preaches regularly once in each Sabbath, and his congregation maintain for him the strongest affection. An unfavourable impression seems to exist in America in regard to this gentleman, in consequence of the description of his personal characteristics in Mrs. Gaskell's life of his daughter, but no such impression exists among those who know him best. Though so old, he yet takes the greatest interest in passing events; and, at an interview I subsequently had with him, he exhibited an acquaintance with the minutiæ of American politics that was really surprising. He is an enthusiastic admirer of our country and her institutions, and, as such, expressed himself in no measured terms.

Stopping into a little stationery store to make a few purchases, I entered into conversation with the proprietor, who has known the Brontés, and especially Charlotte, long and intimately, and is several times referred to in her memoirs; indeed Miss Brouté, in a letter to Mrs. Gaskell, mentions him as her "*one* friend in Haworth." With this gentleman I strolled over the moors behind the parsonage, along the same path over which the three sisters had so often strolled together. When the other two sisters had passed away, Charlotte still came out to take her lonely walk, day after day, upon the long, cold moors. And beautiful, as well as grand, they are, indeed. Instead of the vast, desolate spaces we generally imagine, they present to view an immense slope, carpeted with the delicate purple heath-flowers, with here and there a gay buttercup varying the general tint. Dark blue bilberries grow around in abundance, and if you look closely on the ground you will see bright green patches of moss, through which spring up the spray-like leaves of the wild fern. Oftentimes the wind passing over the moor plays with the gay heather-bells, and they gently wave to and fro like nodding plumes. Far away stretch long, green valleys of cultivated fields, while beyond these are high hills, some covered with other moors, while some are variegated with fields of green grass and yellow grain. The wind in the warmest summer days is always cool, and the air fresh. No wonder, then, that the Bronté sisters loved the moors.

"I have often met Charlotte here," said my friend, "when, after the death of her sisters, she walked here alone, wrapped in meditation. She was very short-sighted, and I would step aside a few feet so as not to disturb her; but she used to say afterward that she always wanted me to speak to her when I met her thus, for one friendly word was worth more to her than the idea she might be at the moment revolving in her mind."

It was this gentleman on whom devolved the melancholy duty of informing some of her friends of her death, and the following letter, dated from Ambleside, April, 1855, was written to him by Miss Martineau on receiving the sad information:

"SIR: I am deeply indebted to you for your kindness in informing me of my poor friend's departure. It is seldom that I use the word 'poor,' which has now slipped from my pen; but she so loved life, her lot was so singular in surviving so many of her family, and I trust so happy at last in having formed new ties, that I did hope for longer life for her, though I often feared that it could hardly be. If you would do me the kindness to furnish me with a few particulars of her later years, I should be most thankful. She had not written for so long that I do not know the name of her husband or anything concerning her for above two years. I have often inquired, but could never learn where she was living after her marriage; and knowing neither her name or place of abode, was helpless.

"You may possibly be aware that I am fast following her; I am mortally ill, and my departure is only a question of hours or months. In these circumstances, and while making my arrangements in regard to my papers, etc., perhaps I may be permitted to inquire whether my letters to C. B. have been preserved, and if they are extant I shall be thankful to have them returned to me, or, should I be gone, to my executor.

* * * * * * *

"Will you have the goodness to offer my respects and assurances to Mr. Bronte? To C. B.'s husband I really dare not send any message—so deep is my sense of his bereavement in the loss of such a woman. Vast as was her genius, and infinitely as I admired it, I honoured yet more her integrity and unspoiled uprightness, simplicity, and sense. She was a noble woman, such as society ill can spare. I am, sir, truly your obliged

"H. MARTINEAU."

Haworth is now frequently visited by strangers, who come to see the humble tomb of the greatest female author of the century. The Duke of Devonshire was here the other day, and several Americans have found their way to this retired village; and there can be no doubt that the tomb of Charlotte Bronté will become one of those "Meccas of the mind" to which all true admirers of genius must make a pilgrimage. — *Corr. of Harper's Weekly.*

MAHMOUD.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

THERE came a man making his hasty moan
Before the Sultan Mahmoud on his throne,
And crying out, "My sorrow is my right,
And I *will* see the Sultan, and to-night."
"Sorrow," said Mahmoud, "is a reverend thing:
I recognise its right; as king with king,
Speak on." "A fiend has got into my house,"
Exclaimed the staring man, "and tortures us;
One of thine officers: he comes, the abhorred,
And takes possession of my house, my board,
My bed; I have two daughters and a wife,
And the wild villain comes, and makes me mad with life."

"Is he there now?" said Mahmoud. "No; he left
The house when I did, of my wits bereft;
And laughed me down the street, because I vowed
I'd bring the prince himself to lay him in his shroud.
I'm mad with want, I'm mad with misery,
And, oh! thou Sultan Mahmoud, God cries out for thee!"

The Sultan comforted the man, and said,
"Go home, and I will send thee wine and bread"
(For he was poor), "and other comforts. Go;
And should the wretch return, let Sultan Mahmoud know."

In two days' time, with haggard eyes and beard,
And shaken voice, the suitor reappeared,
And said, "He's come." Mahmoud said not a word,
But rose, and took four slaves, each with a sword,
And went with the vexed man. They reach the place,
And hear a voice, and see a female face,
That to the window fluttered in affright.
"Go in," said Mahmoud, "and put out the light;
But tell the females first to leave the room;
And when the drunkard follows them, we come."

The man went in. There was a cry, and hark!
A table falls, the window is struck dark;
Forth rush the breathless women; and behind
With curses comes the fiend in desperate mind,
In vain: the sabres soon cut short the strife,
And chop the shrieking wretch, and drink his bloody life.

"Now *light* the light," the Sultan cried aloud.
'Twas done; he took it in his hand, and bowed
Over the corpse, and looked upon the face;
Then turned and knelt beside it in the place,
And said a prayer, and from his lips there crept
Some gentle words of pleasure, and he wept.

In reverent silence the spectators wait,
Then bring him at his call both wine and meat;
And when he had refreshed his noble heart,
He bade his host be blest, and rose up to depart.

The man, amazed, all mildness now, and tears,
Fell at the Sultan's feet, with many prayers,
And begged him to vouchsafe to tell his slave
The reason first of that command he gave
About the light; then, when he saw the face,
Why he knelt down; and, lastly, how it was
That fare so poor as his detained him in the place.

The Sultan said, with much humanity,
"Since first I saw thee come, and heard thy cry,
I could not rid me of a dread, that one
By whom such daring villanies were done
Must be some Lord of mine, perhaps a lawless son.
Who'er he was, I knew my task, but feared
A father's heart, in case the worst appeared.
For this I had the light put out. But when
I saw the face, and found a stranger slain,
I knelt and thanked the sovereign arbiter,
Whose work I had performed through pain and fear;
And then I rose, and was refreshed with food,
The first time since thou cam'st and marr'dst my solitude."

ROYAL LITERATURE.

WHAT student of history has not often desired to learn the personal characteristics of the kings and the emperors whose career he has traced? Who has not longed to strip many a monarch of the insignia of royalty, and see him simply as a man? We have little sympathy with those hypercritical ascetics who so stoutly condemn the recorded gossip of court *raconteurs*. Many an incident, many a trivial jest even, flashes a light upon the character of the central figure to which all courtiers' eyes are turned. History may indeed be written with such power that we can see great events moving on in stately procession; but biographies and sketches of the numerous actors in the scenes of the past transport us into the very midst of those busy and brilliant personages, and make us sharers in their joys and sorrows. We should despise no aid which can help us relume and vivify the years that have rolled away. We may go back into the days of our fathers. We may multiply our lives indefinitely, and bring to our daily duties the experience of centuries.

But it is not alone in biographies of kings and sketches of courts that we may acquaint ourselves with the peculiarities of monarchs. We should study them in the writings of monarchs themselves. There is what may be distinctively called a Royal Literature. We propose to glance at the long lines of sovereigns whose names have come down to us, and see how many of them have attempted to contribute by their pens to our stores of intellectual wealth. If an apology is needed for grouping together these august writers, we may adopt that of Walpole, that "Balthazar Bonifacius made a collection of such authors as had been in love with statues; Ravisius Textor of such as had died laughing; Vossius of chronologers; Bartholemus of physicians who have been poets; and some one else of Frenchmen who had studied Hebrew."

As the oldest of Grecian bards was the greatest, so are the earliest kings, who have recorded their thoughts, pre eminent above all others for richness of imagination, profundity of wisdom and power of expression. The sweet Psalmist of Israel, and his son, the Preacher, have enlightened the understandings, and comforted the hearts, and rejoiced the spirits of more than fifty generations by a few small books, which far surpass in value all other royal literature.

The first of the Roman Emperors also was, as an author, greatly superior to any of his successors. The Commentaries of Julius Cæsar are still, as they were eighteen hundred years ago, unrivalled by any military history. We study them as a specimen of manly and classical Latin, as our guide-book of travel in Southern France, as our highest authority on the ancient Gauls, and as an invaluable instructor in the arts of war. Nero seems to have had a literary as well as a sanguinary ambition. We can understand this when we remember that he was the pupil of Seneca. It is difficult to say what was his success in writing. Martial calls him *doctus*. Tacitus says that he had seen his poems, and that they were written without any great mental effort on the part of the Emperor. Nero, it seems, threw out some ideas, as he would give orders for his dinner, and commanded his verse-wrights to cast them into the proper form. Suetonius, on the contrary, declares that the imperial manuscripts were much blotted and interlined by the Emperor's own hand. He informs us that Nero meditated on what we should regard as a more terrible calamity to his capital than its conflagration, namely, a poem, in four hundred books, on the history of Rome. If he had accomplished his purpose, he would have proved nearly as prolific an author as Dumas, and by quite a similar process. He actually wrote a poem on the history of Troy. We know of two satires which he wrote against individuals. Most probably he afterwards lent a significance to his sports, as the cat does to her playful interviews with a mouse. One of the imperial poet's most delicate comparisons has been handed down to us by Pliny. He refers to a passage in which Nero compares the tresses of his wife, Poppæa, to amber.

Titus not only wrote verses, but had some fame as an *improvisatore*. Pliny mentions a poem by him on a Meteor. Having met Nero on Parnassus, we are not surprised to find Domitian with him. Valerius Flaccus, in the dedication of his "Argonautics," addresses this Emperor as one "who is capable of celebrating in verse the conquest of Jerusalem." The great Quintilian degrades himself more than he exalts his Sovereign, when he calls him the most sublime of poets, whose literary fame is eclipsed only by his resplendent virtues. The modest Nerva received from Nero the title of the Tibullus of his age. Pliny excuses himself for writing his light poetry by quoting Nerva's example. According to Martial, diffidence made him reluctant to publish.

The jealous Hadrian wrote amatory poems. There is extant quite a tasteful epitaph to his horse, Borysthenes. Many people who admire Pope's beautiful hymn, beginning

"Vital spark of heavenly flame,"

are not aware that it was founded, by Pope's confession, upon Hadrian's Address to his Dying Soul.

"Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula?
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos."

He loved to compete both with authors and architects. But it was dangerous to conquer him. Among the later Emperors, Elius Verus, and his son, Numerian, Valentinian and Gratian aspired to poetic honours. Geta had perhaps almost as valid claims to literary fame from his alphabetic dinners. He used to give splendid banquets, at which the name of every dish began with the same letter.

More than a thousand years pass away before we reach the only remaining contribution, which a throne in Italy has furnished to literature. Lorenzo de Medici, the Tuscan Augustus, who lavished his treasures in the encouragement of letters and the arts, and filled his splendid capital with imperishable monuments to his glory, was more than a monarch, deserving the title of magnificent; and more than a patron of poetry, sculpture and painting. In the quiet of his beautiful villa, at Fresole, he was himself filled with that inspiration which he delighted to honour in others; and verses of purity, delicacy and pious earnestness flowed from his pen. He composed not only songs and sonnets, but also plays.

If we turn to the annals of France, we find its first Emperor, and most illustrious ruler, inciting his benighted subjects to intellectual activity, as well by his private example as by his public acts. Charlemagne himself made, or caused to be made, under his personal supervision, a collection of national Frankish ballads, which is unfortunately lost. He actually began to write a grammar of the Frankish language. There is no more beautiful subject for the historical painter than this old monarch drawing his tablet and pencil from beneath his pillow to improve his sleepless hours by training his stiffened fingers to form the letters of the alphabet. The fine old Latin hymn, "Veni, creator spiritus," is attributed to him. Thibaud, King of Navarre, called the Song Maker, is perhaps the earliest of the French royal poets whose works have survived. His poems, like those of most of the crusaders, are partly amatory and partly martial. They were published at Paris in 1742. The sixteenth century might be called the age of royal authors in France. There was the renowned Marguerite of Valois, Queen of Navarre, the protector of the Protestants, the friend of Calvin and Beza, the author of religious writings, of Miracle Plays, of a French Decameron, called the Heptameron, and of fugitive pieces, which are characterized by genuine feeling and considerable merit. There was her brother, Francis I., whose name is forever identified with the Revival of Letters, and who courted the elegiac muse not without success. Soon after came Henry II., who was warmed into poetical fervour by his ardent passion for Diane de Poitiers. Charles IX. wrote verses which displayed some wit and readiness. We have from him the "Chasse Royale," which has no connection with the famous royal hunt of St. Bartholomew's day, but is confined to the pleasures of the chase. Jeanne d'Albret, the daughter of Marguerite of Valois, inherited not a little of her mother's talent, and transmitted it to her son, Henry IV. He possessed at once the gift of eloquence and that of poetry. His friendship for Malherbe, and his attack on the imitations of the turgid style of the Spaniards, and of the affected manner of the Italians, as well as his own sprightly and natural verses, display his correctness of taste. Few songs are more thoroughly French than his "Charming Gabrielle."

None of the later Bourbons has equalled the first of the line. Louis the Eighteenth wrote a very insipid description of his flight. It was little more than a catalogue of what he found to eat and drink. The speeches and despatches of Bonaparte are too well known to require more than a cursory notice. The works of his nephew, the present Emperor, upon Artillery and the *Idees Napoleonnennes*, are not altogether unworthy of the man, who, whether by artifice or genius, has a wider influence in Europe than any other Sovereign, except the Emperor of Russia.

Alfonso the Tenth, styled the Learned, is the most distinguished author who has ever sat on the throne of Spain. His collection of laws, rather than his verses, has given him a lasting fame. Alfonso the Second, of Aragon, holds a place among the Spanish Troubadours; one of his songs, which is still extant, possesses some spirit.

It is well known that a large part of the German Minnesingers were men of noble blood, who were prouder of their wreaths, which they received from fair hands as a reward for their songs, than of the highest ancestral honours. Not a few of them were of princely or royal rank. We find among them such names as the Emperor Henry, Henry the Fat, of Anhalt; Otto, Margrave of Brandenburg; Henry, Duke of Breslau; and Wenceslaus, King of Bohemia. With a rich and melodious tongue, and a hundred different rythms, they sang of spring-time and flowers, and love, in notes that thrilled the heart and brought the tremulous tear to the eye. Charles IV., the father of Wenceslaus, left an unfinished history, entitled "Commentaria de vita Caroli IV., Bohemiæ Regis, et postea, Imperatoris IV." After the days of the minstrels' glory depart, a long period elapses before a single one of the numerous crowned heads adds anything to the literature of his country; and when we reach the works of Frederic the Great, we do not regret that all his ancestors were not authors. He himself gives us twenty-three octavo volumes, in French, on almost every kind of topic. Politics, history, military affairs, poetry, metaphysics, religion, are all treated by him, either in formal works or in his letters. The very fact that he could write such a quantity, and yet not neglect the manifold arduous duties which he imposed on himself, shows that he was possessed of great activity and high literary aspirations. But he was far greater with his sword than with his pen. His writings live rather as a curiosity than as a valuable addition to the sum of human learning.

Who has not heard of King Ludwig of Bavaria! He has more enduring titles to fame than those which have made his name most widely known in our land. He has been one of the most intelligent and liberal patrons of Art. He has also written poetry. Every one who has strolled around the Hofgarten, at Munich, remembers the inscriptions which he has placed over the frescoes on the walls. The two volumes of poems which he published many years ago contain some pieces of sterling worth. His fondness for partial constructions has called forth a parody on his style, which bids fair to transmit to posterity one of his peculiarities as a writer, and one of his mistakes as a man. It is, on the whole, charitable to hope that his reputation will not depend chiefly on his poetry.

If we review the history of Sweden, we see that her throne has, more than once, been occupied by an author. Charles IX. wrote a "Chronique rimée de Suede," which is very often cited. And where shall we find a queen more renowned for intellectual gifts than Christina? She was as learned as Elizabeth of England, and perhaps possessed of greater powers of expression. We have from her pen, Reflections on the Life and Deeds of Alexander the Great, her favourite hero; Memoirs of her Life, distinguished for their impartial judgment of herself; and Endymion—an Italian Pastoral, of which she formed the plan and wrote some strophes, and then entrusted its completion to Alexander Guidi.

The immortal Alfred, of England, was as renowned for his literary as for his civil and military undertakings. While patronizing authors with royal generosity, he himself translated a number of works—St. Austin's Soliloquies, Pope Gregory's Pastoral Care, the venerable Bede, Boethius de Consolatione, and Orosius. To this last he added much valuable matter concerning the Teutonic nations, and voyages towards the North Pole and to the Baltic. It is said that he began to translate the Psalms. His fondness for hawking led him to write a treatise called *de custodiendis Accipitribus*. Some other small works are attributed to him. When we remember the many great deeds of his life, his bodily infirmities, and the state of learning at his time, we cannot but be amazed that he accomplished so much with his pen. Worthy was he to lay the foundations of the Empire which has produced so many of the rarest geniuses of the world!

Richard, the Lion-Hearted, might be reckoned among the Troubadours, for his celebrated poem, or songs in Provencal. It has more merit than the great majority of poems of that age. The biographers of Henry VIII assure us that the number of his works is equal to that of his wives, even if we do not count the polemical treatise against Luther, which Luther himself did not credit to the royal pen. It sounds strangely to hear the following titles to works of the cruel and sensual king, *de christiani hominis institutione, de instituenda pube, A Book of Prayers*. His unfortunate queen, Catherine Parr, wrote several pious works, which are more edifying than those of her royal consort. Edward VI. is the author of some religious and controversial treatises, and it is said that he wrote a comedy called "The Whore of Babylon." It was doubtless a tirade against Popery. Queen Mary left three prayers, or meditations.

By far the most learned of England's queens was Elizabeth. She not only read and spoke several languages with facility, but she also left a large number of essays, translations, speeches, prayers and meditations. Walpole gives a list of twenty of her works, and names several curious and important letters which are extant. It was her practice to read or write something every day. She was not a little susceptible to the praises which were conferred on her writings. It would seem from the words of an old writer, quoted by Walpole, that she possessed the poetic gift. "Last in recital and first in degree is the queen, our sovereign lady, whose learned, delicate, noble muse easily surmounteth all the rest that have written before her time or since, for sense, sweetness or subtilty, be it in ode, elegy, epigram or any other kind of poem, wherein it shall please her majesty to employ her pen, even by as much odds as her own excellent estate and degree exceedeth all the rest of her most humble vassals." We know that in poetical repartee, whether in Latin or in English, she was remarkably quick and witty.

Every school child has heard of the writings of the Pedant King, James I. Besides his "Dæmonology," "Basilicon Doron," and "A Counterblast to Tobacco," there is extant a volume of "His Majesty's Poetical exercises at vacant hours," which is preserved only by the "divinity that doth hedge a king." The authorship of the Eikon Basilike, ascribed by some to Charles I., and published in his works, has been about as much discussed as that of the Letters of Junius. We have some pieces certainly from his pen, which do not give us a very exalted opinion of his talent, though they are not devoid of good sense. Two or three volumes of Memoirs and Meditations are imputed to James II. He had ample leisure, in the closing years of his life, to draw the picture of his more prosperous days.

James I., of Scotland, is ranked as second only to Chaucer among the poets of his time. The only piece which is known to be his is "The King's Quhair." It is characterized by great delicacy and naturalness. The unhappy Mary, Queen of Scots, was certainly superior, in poetic delicacy and power of expression, to her royal cousin, Elizabeth. She is claimed by the French as one of their poets, since her training and her temperament were French, and her poems were written in the French language. She wrote Latin with ease and elegance. Her "Lamentation on the Death of her Husband," Francis II., must be considered not only as one of the best poems ever written by a sovereign, but as one of the very best productions of the brilliant sixteenth century. And with her we dismiss the illustrious assembly. We trust that this rapid review of the works of royal authors will show that some of them are worthy the study of us all. It is well for us to see human nature from every point of view. The observations and meditations of a monarch often discover or suggest truths that escape the great mass of men. The world presents itself to him in a peculiar light. Let us thank him if he transmits a truthful picture of it to posterity.—*Christian Review.*

WASHINGTON IRVING AT SUNNYSIDE.

MR. IRVING came out while we were exchanging salutations with the group under the porch—his true and easy step, pliant motion, admirable spontaneousness of good spirits and quiet simplicity of address giving him *the presence* of a man of half his age. This impression was somewhat corroborated, no doubt, by the summer airiness of his dress, and a certain juvenescence that there will always be about light walking shoes and a low-crowned hat—somewhat, too, perhaps, by the unchanged erectness and compactness of his well-proportioned figure—but I did not realize (then nor afterwards during the day) that there was anything in his mien or appearance but the healthfulness of middle age—anything but the uncompelled promptness and elasticity of vigour unabated.

It was one of those mornings when the inside of the house is "the wrong side of the door"; and to ask us to "walk in" would scarce have been a welcome. Mr. Irving leaned against one of the pillars of the piazza, chatting with us to the tune of soft air, foliage and sunshine, till, the conversation turning upon the architecture of the house, he took me into his library to see the drawing of it as first built. There was, of course, a spell in the atmosphere of this inner sanctuary. It was on the north side, and the clustering ivy and foliage at the windows contributed to the mellowed thoughtfulness of the light. At the spacious writing table in the centre stood the one comfortable arm chair, with the accustomed blotting sheet, askew at the working angle, between it and the inkstand; and of this blotting sheet, by the way (nothing legible upon it except two or three small sums in arithmetic, ciphered out upon the corners), I begged the possession! It was the first time I had ever asked for an autograph, I believe, but, remembering a new volume of my daughter's, and seeing at once what a treasure of an addition to it this memorial would be (the door-mat on which the thoughts of Irving's last book had wiped their sandals as they went in), I begged that he would give it me, writing his name first upon the least specked margin. Deprecatorily insisting, for awhile, that the autograph should at least be upon a clean sheet of paper, he finally complied; giving me, meantime, unsuspectingly, a priceless picture to store away in my memory—himself seated writing at his table. With his head a little on one side (as is his wont, and as all portraits represent him), the genial smile of his lips "holding still" for a moment, and a covert look of humour in his eye, it was wonderful how much, for that single unconscious minute, he looked as the Sketch Book reads—how truthful the representation was of the Geoffrey Crayon it conjures up to our imaginations.

The drawing of the original house hung on the wall; and it represents a very simple, practical and every-day dwelling — poetical and even romantically-beautiful as looks Sunnyside now. It was commenced as Irving commences his most airy fancies—with a foundation of common sense, that will be worth preserving when the gayer ornament shall have lost its novelty. And on the more perishable exterior, by the way, the frost of last winter made a beginning, killing a large portion of the luxuriant ivy (the original stock of which was brought from Melrose Abbey) covering the wall and turrets on the east side. The additions to the house—its wings, tower, balconied windows and projections—have been the gradual pleasure toil of Mr. Irving; in this view, being one of his "works"—but very much as the Sketch Book was written—and (more than most authors' residences) to be therefore pictured and remembered.

Our conversation, for the half hour that we sat in that little library, turned, first, upon the habits of literary labour. Mr. Irving, in reply to my inquiry (whether, like Rip Van Winkle, he had "arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity"), said "no"—that he had sometimes worked even fourteen hours a day, but that he usually sits in his study, occupied from breakfast till dinner (both of us agreeing that in literary vegetation the "do" is on in the morning), and that he should be sorry to have much more leisure. He thought, indeed, that he should "die in harness." He never had a headache—that is, his workshop never gave him any trouble—but among the changes which time has wrought, one, he says, is very decided; the desire of travel is dead within him. The days are past when he could sleep or eat anywhere with equal pleasure; and he goes to town as seldom as possible.

Motley's "Dutch Republic" lay open on the table, and Irving said he had been employing a little vacation from his own labours in the reading of it. It had interested him exceedingly. "How surprising," he exclaimed, quite energetically, "that so young a man should jump at once, full grown, to fame, with a big book, so well studied and complete!" This turned the conversation upon the experiences of authorship, and he said that he was always afraid to open the first copy that reached him of a new book of his own. He sat and trembled and remembered all the weak points where he had been embarrassed and perplexed, and where he felt he might have done better—hating to think of the book, indeed, until the reviewers had praised it. Indifference to praise or censure, he thought, was not reasonable or natural. At least it was impossible to *him*. He remembered how he had suffered from the opinion of a Philadelphia critic, who, in reviewing the Sketch Book, at its first appearance, said that "Rip Van Winkle" was a silly attempt at humour, quite unworthy of the author's genius.

My mention of Rogers the poet, and some other friends of Mr. Irving's who had asked me about him in England, opened a vein of his London recollections. He was never more astonished, he said, than at the success of the Sketch Book. His writing of those stories was so unlike an inspiration—so entirely without any feeling of confidence which could be prophetic of their popularity. Walking with his brother, one dull foggy Sunday, over Westminster Bridge, he got to telling the old Dutch stories which he had heard at Tarrytown, in his youth—when the thought suddenly struck him—"I have it! I'll go home and make memoranda of these for a book!" And, leaving his brother to go to church, he went back to his lodgings and jotted down all the data; and, the next day—the dullest and darkest of London fogs—he sat in his room and wrote out "Sleepy Hollow," by the light of a candle.

I alluded to the story I had heard told at Lady Blessington's—of Irving going to sleep at a dinner-party, and their taking him up softly and carrying him to another house, where he waked up amid a large evening party—but he shook his head incredulously. It was Disraeli's story, he said, and was told of a party at Lady Jersey's, to which he certainly went, after a dinner-party—but not with the dramatic nap at the table, nor the waking up in her Ladyship's drawing-room, as described. In fact he remembered the party as such a "jam" that he did not get, that evening, beyond the first landing of the staircase.

Among the pictures on the walls of his library were the two admirable engravings—one representing Johnson at table with his friends, the other giving portraits of Scott's intimates, as he read his novel to them in the library at Abbotsford. "What company these are!" said Irving—"how interesting to have them!" As I walked around, I found, in a corner, a small pen-and-ink sketch—an exceedingly clever caricature of Paganini. It was done, he said, by Stuart Newton, as he sat with him one day—done in one of that artist's dreamy, unconscious moods—and Irving had taken it from under his hand, to preserve it. There was another, of the English wit, Lord Somers, a famous "man about town" when Irving was first in London; and another still, of a dramatist whose name does not occur to me at this moment—both impromptu pencillings on waste scraps of paper, but framed to hang up as memorials of pleasant days. And in a dark corner hung Leslie's portrait of Irving himself, always allowed to be the best, and so well-known to the world by the engravings from it.

With the horticulture and arboriculture of "Wolfert's-dell," Mr. Grinnell has been singularly successful; and, as we were to make the rounds of the shrubberies and hot-houses before the sun should be fairly vertical, we were now admonished that it was time—Mr. Irving at once taking his straw hat to accompany us. A remark upon the beauty of the verdure near his door drew from him a most poetical outburst as to the happy superiority of our climate. In Spain, he said, he had found it most depressing—the lack of verdure. In England, they have the most beautiful fields and lawns, but it is so damp that you can never sit down, out of doors, without taking cold. In our country alone is the grass green enough, the sun bright enough, and the sward dry enough.

While we were still in the immediate grounds of Sunnyside, I observed two remarkable triplets of the tulip tree—superb growths of three equal shafts, tall and of arrowy straightness, from each root—and in these fine specimens of the cleanest-leaved and healthiest-looking of trees, he said he took great pleasure. A squirrel ran up one of them and approached, and upon this race of depredators he had been obliged to make war this summer. They were a little bit more destructive than their beauty was an excuse for. With another class of destructives, however, he did not know so well how to contend, the visitors who drive into his grounds and tie their horses to the trees.

The well-shaded ravine which has Sunnyside sitting on one of its knees (once called "Wolfert's Roost," and long used by that famous Dutchman as the covert-way between the river and his haunts), is conveniently and gracefully intersected with paths; but I remarked to Mr. Irving that they were somewhat of the outline character of ours at Idlewild. Yes, he said; on *his* side of the dell they were merely dug out and walked hard; but as they communicated with those of his rich neighbour, he was very often lucky enough to get the credit of the smooth gravel walks, too! And he presently gave another of his crayonesque touches to his neighbour, assuring us, very solemnly, while we were wondering at the growth to which the transplanted trees had attained in so short a time, that "it was done by Mr. Grinnell's going round at night, himself, with a lantern and water-pot, to see that the trees did not oversleep themselves"—a fact (seen through Irving spectacles), as Mr. G., engrossed all day with his business in the city and only at home at night, sometimes takes a look at his gardener's work by the aid of a lantern.

At the door of the hot-house, Mr. Irving said it was warm enough for him outside. He preferred to stand under a tree and wait for us—particularly as he had seen the grapes before and hoped to see some of them again. Astonished as my own wilderness-trained eyes were, of course, with the wonderful fecundity of those glass-covered vines, I was more interested in the visit to Mr. Grinnell's sumptuous stables; and here Mr. Irving kept us close company. He loves horses. And, as the groom led out one of the favourite "bloods" for us to look at, he gave us a thrilling account of his being run away with, a year or two ago—not by Van Tassel's horse "Gunpowder," of whose viciousness he has himself been the chronicler, though it was upon the very same ground and with the very same result. He and "Ichabod Crane" were both thrown at the entrance to Sleepy Hollow.

As we strolled slowly through the grounds, we came to two dwarf statues—grotesque representations of "The Spendthrift" and "The Miser"—and Mr. Irving gave us a comic history of their amusing a party of friends by playing at "tableaux," the other day—stopping in their walk, and dressing those figures up with the shawls and bonnets of the ladies. Our walk was varied with incidental questions of landscape-gardening, as we came to points which commanded the river-views more or less effectively; and Mr. Irving made one remark which, I thought, embodied the whole science of wood-thinning, in ornamental grounds—that "a tree is only to be cut down when the picture it hides is worth more than the tree."

But the event of the day, to me, was to be the drive through Sleepy Hollow. A live ramble through Fairyland with Spenser would hardly be a promise of more pleasure. Mr. Grinnell's horses were at the door (after a dinner, during which I marvelled at the inexhaustible frolicsomeness of the wit and spirits of the master of Sunnyside)—and, though I should have preferred to take the trip, mounted from the Sketch Book (Geoffrey Crayon on Van Tassel's horse "Gunpowder," and myself on the "Daredevil" of "Brom Bones"), I was very well contented, as it was. With my knees interlocked with Mr. Irving's, as I sat facing him in the carriage, there was, at least, a shorter road for magnetism from him to me than on two separate horses; and, with so energetic a millionaire on the box with the driver, and a President of a Railroad inside—to say nothing of the beloved lady who made one of our interior quartette—we were likely to be treated with respect, I think, by any hobgoblin with Dutch feelings in his bosom, or even by the "Headless Horseman," should we be belated enough to meet him.

I should not omit here the mention of a little merriment at starting, which I since find myself remembering very vividly—the sudden discovery, among the group of nieces and grand-nieces, that Mr. Irving was going for a warm ride with a thick coat on; and the frolicsome pulling of him back from the carriage-door, stripping him to his shirt-sleeves, in spite of his remonstrances, and re-clothing him in an over-all of brown linen, brought meantime from our host's dressing-room above. The tender petting of the genial uncle by the half-dozen young ladies, and his humorous pleadings against the awkwardness of their forcible helpings off and on of his masculine habiliments, formed an exquisite picture—trifling, perhaps, in itself, but valuable